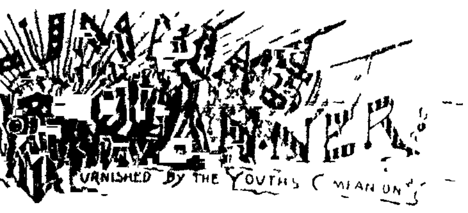
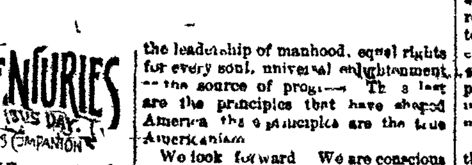
Second. | COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE. | Pages 5-8.

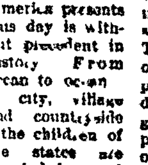
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1892.


OUR BANNER
FURNISHED BY THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

ne," cried Columbus, "though fair [illegible] the le[illegible]ze,
nd till I find the land beyond the [illegible]
ht leave its eyrie, bent though the [illegible] shoulder,
gs on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered star!
ust and void sky as he followed the [illegible] sun
ales could light his sails till the wondrous quest was done
ry vigils, the murmuring, torturing days
gun, and the shout of 'Land!' set the black night ablaze
y fair as Paradise in morning's balm and light
s won from the conquered deep, and the [illegible] folds
Banner! The best age is begun!
s of the mariners whose voyage that [illegible] was done.
ls Columbus gave and rivers through [illegible]
blest bounty was a New World for the [illegible]
om the Past with its stifling walls, to the [illegible] sky
of gloom and fear were laid as the breath [illegible] went by
s pride and the lordling's scorn were lost in that vital air
when sun and wind sweep ocean blue and bare,
d larger Knowledge dawned clear the skies to span,
not of priest or king but of every child of man!
World's Banner to greet the exultant sun!
ms still follow his beams as swift to west they run
rings with shout and hymn to welcome it shining high
om lone Katahdin to Shasta's snowy sky
s stars as fold on fold is flung to the autumn sky!
and Maidens, with songs and loving cheer
hs, raptures it has waved through [illegible] and tears
from sea to sea and thrills with joy to know
as one, would leap to shield it from a foe!
on will be the State, and shape each great decree,
nd die for it if glorious death must be!
the centuries gone this starry Flag have wrought,
on gory fields, its light and peace were bought,
nt the future whose days our dreams fulfill—
mortal height oh, plant it firmer still!
roadest learning, for the soul's supreme release—
ng license for righteousness and peace
f justice, and its amplest scope and plan
f every woman, a king of every man!
ke Columbus, o'er Truth's unfathomed main
dden isles, a grander realm to gain—
ty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,
ner spotless its kindred stars among!
rong the oceans our forts the headlands crown—
reasures lavish for mint and mart and town—
ocks and busy looms bring plenty, far and wide
ples deck the land than Rome's or Athens pride
the mysteries of earth and wave and sky—
in splendor and strength and skill can vie,
eckon Liberty and Manhood less than these,
ght of the humblest between our circling seas
e to our exalted post, our fathers' God forgetting,
ld lose its luster, our sun be nigh its setting!
ll sooner forget the east, the tides their ebb and flow,
our radiant Flag and its matchless gifts forego!
ep it high-advanced with ever brightening sway—
e light betokens the Lord's diviner day—
ns gloriously in Freedom's holy way!
eld of azure no stain on the rosy bars
uths and Maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR





E spectacle merica presents is day is with- t precedent in story From ean to ocean city, village nd countryside the children of e states are arshaled and arching under e banner of the tion, and with athering around

today the most nce Rome colo- year the 400th ping of a hemi- life: four cou- w social order; and enlighten- vilization. ese hours the these United e of this great s honor to the stitution which e hope that we, hool that em- nciple of uni- nd equality, the nct of the four o o this morning the silence and of this hemi-

Human life n without sig- orld for thou- men had been social order wanting But soil that lay nt in civiliza- ready. New full of over- ld World. In ere to work to- mony opelled by this nd where these n space for de- e awaited trial s to be made. st immemorable ward and we

irst mustering g conflict with ich were also see stalwart e moment on ng in dim for We see the d hear the cry never ceasing ng westward oming villages, the growth of beginnings tional system, into organic gs growing to its discussions ments Interests con ggling, often rne idea char- orld always lements knit- with single- the birth of stry and coun- rth into un- g the millions as sentiment der it all, and n on certain and regnant the leadership of manhood, equal rights for every soul, universal enlightenment, —the source of progress. These last are the principles that have shaped America. These principles are the true Americanism.

We look forward. We are conscious we are in a period of transition. Ideas in education, in political economy, in social science are undergoing revisions. There is a large uncertainty about the outcome. But faith in the underlying principles of Americanism and in God's destiny for the republic makes a firm ground of hope. The coming century promises to be more than ever the age of the people an age that shall develop a greater care for the rights of the weak and make a more solid provision for the development of each individual by the education that meets his need.

As no prophet among our fathers on the 300th anniversary of America could have pictured what the new century would do, so no man can this day reach out and grasp the 100 years upon which the nation is now entering. On the victorious results of the completed centuries the principles of Americanism will build our fifth century. Its material progress is beyond our conception, but we may be sure that in the social relations of men, with men the most triumphant gains are to be expected. America's fourth century has been glorious. America's fifth century must be made happy.

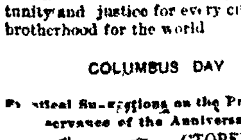
One institution more than another has wrought out the achievement of the past and is today most trusted for the future. Our fathers in their wisdom knew that the foundations of liberty, fraternity and equality must be universal education. The free school therefore was conceived the cornerstone of the republic. Washington and Jefferson recognized that the education of citizens is not the prerogative of church or of other private interest that while religious training belongs to the church, and while technical and higher culture may be given by private institutions, the training of citizens in the common knowledge and the common duties of citizenship belongs irrevocably to the state.

We therefore on this anniversary of America present the public school as the proudest expression of the principle of enlightenment which Columbus grasped by faith. We uplift the system of free and universal education as the master force which under God has been informing each of our generations with the peculiar truths of Americanism. America therefore gathers her sons around the school house today as the institution closest to the people most characteristic of the people and fullest of hope for the people.

Today America's fifth century begins. The world's twentieth century will soon be here. To the thirteen millions now in the American schools the command of the coming years belongs. We the youth of America, who today unite to march as one army under the sacred flag, understand our duty. We pledge ourselves that the flag shall not be stained and that America shall mean equal opportunity and justice for every citizen and brotherhood for the world.

COLUMBUS DAY

Practical Suggestions on the Proper Observance of the Anniversary



OCTOBER 21 will be a gala day from one end to the other of the United States, and it is but proper that it should be so for is it not Columbus Day, and will it not commemorate the discovery of a world which in the comparatively short time of four centuries has emerged from the blackness of the forest and the ignorance of the savage into the blazing sun of prosperity and the noontide of intelligence.

Now that the official programme for the uniform popular celebration of Columbus Day has been published, the question of the participation by this community in the national exercises becomes a live one.

It goes without saying that the people of this locality will not be backward in evidencing their patriotism by an appropriate celebration of the memorable day and a few suggestions as to the best method of executing this commendable design may not be amiss at this time.

In the first place it should be borne in mind that it is intended that the school children should be the principal participants in the exercises. The pupils are to be at their places in school at 9 o'clock as usual. It is desirable that business be entirely suspended so that the relatives of the pupils may also be present. [illegible] programme should be provided when possible, and the exercises will of course be subject to the limitations of the scholars but every thing which may be done should tend to the central idea of [illegible] achievement and the remarkable progress of the country under the impetus of education. Appropriate patriotic decorations are necessary and allegorical tableaux will add greatly to the effectiveness and enjoyment of the exercises. Music is also desirable.

In the afternoon comes the citizens celebration, but as in the morning exercises the school children should take the most prominent part. Of course in the country districts this will not be the case and the afternoon should be devoted to games for the young people and social gatherings for their elders, though every house should be decorated with the national colors. In the towns the afternoon should be devoted to some sort of formal celebration, in which all of the civic and military organizations should be invited to participate.

A review of school children after they have reached the reviewing stand and saluted the flag will add much to the "life and color" of the scene. A mass meeting of the citizens should follow during the day, when the best orators of the locality and the most eloquent of the declaimers among the children say one from each school—might deliver addresses appropriate to the occasion. The topics of these speeches will readily suggest themselves, but it must be borne in mind that anything relating to Columbus will be more interesting than anything else on such an occasion. The flag salute, the ode and the patriotic songs should be executed by the children without a hitch, and for this reason a great deal of preliminary work will have to be done by them.

Upon the school teachers will devolve the greatest portion of this labor. Each teacher should at once, if it has not already been done present the matter of the celebration of Columbus Day to his pupils, and it should be laid before the young people in such a manner that each will be anxious to contribute as much as possible to the success of the affair. Enthusiasm is what is wanted and needed, for without it failure must result. Let each teacher select committees on reception, on decorations, on exercises, on printing on newspapers, on arrangements and on finance. The principal must be actually if not nominally the directing spirit of each committee.

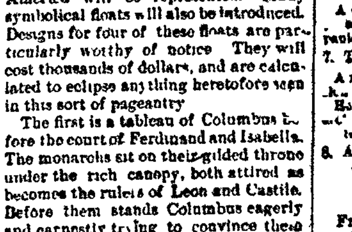
At the morning exercises at the schools the veterans should have charge of the flag and should also act as guards of honor to the schools on the march to the reviewing stand. The peculiar appropriateness of the veterans being the special patrons of the school celebration is apparent. Money and the active co-operation of the citizens at large are absolutely necessary to the success of the celebration, and these should and probably will be promptly forthcoming.

Only the general outlines of exercises suggested in the official programme are here given. These may be enlarged or contracted to conform to the wishes and possibilities of the celebrants.

SOME GORGEOUS FLOATS.

To Be Seen at the Dedication Ceremonies in October.

With many of the details for the dedication of the World's fair buildings at Chicago the general public is familiar, but of the spectacular side of the celebration little has been written of late, although preparations have been going on for nearly a year. This display, which is termed the "Procession of the Centuries" is to include more than forty floats, and will pass in brilliant pageant through the lakes and canals and lagoons



COLUMBUS AT COURT.

of Jackson park. This will be repeated every night and the illuminations will be magnificent. Important events in the life of Columbus and in the history of America will be represented. Many symbolical floats will also be introduced. Designs for four of these floats are particularly worthy of notice. They will cost thousands of dollars, and are calculated to eclipse anything heretofore seen in this sort of pageantry.

The first is a tableau of Columbus before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The monarchs sit on their gilded throne under the rich canopy, both attired as becomes the rulers of Leon and Castile. Before them stands Columbus eagerly and earnestly trying to convince them of the truth of his theories. His charts are spread before him on a table. The explorer is dressed in black velvet, with a long gown, which he throws aside in his eagerness. The queen listens intently, the conviction of his truth growing upon her. The king however, is almost indifferent.

Their Catholic zeal and faith is shown by a large cross behind them. Near Columbus stand several courtiers and some of the wise men. The latter have their own maps with them and cannot suppress a scornful sneer at the presumptuous adventurer, whose mind they suggest is disordered.

The next float is more typically American. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" is the subject. The prominent feature is the prairie schooner drawn by oxen, which is just emerging from a cleft in the rocks. A scout on horseback leads the way, and ahead of him Indians are skulking off behind the rocks and trees. Another Indian peers over a ridge of rock at the advance of civilization.

In the foreground surveyors are working on a line of railway. A little shanty under the cliff is their camp.

The two floats "War" and "Peace" will probably be the only suggestion of the civil conflict. The first float will be a dismantled ship, with masts and spars shattered and sails torn to shreds. On the battlefield are cannon a few dead soldiers and a dead horse. Over it hang the demons of war. The coloring of this float will all be somber. Black will predominate. Lurid red light will be thrown on the war demons hovering over the battlefield.

Peace will be in strong contrast to the last one. Every color will be bright. The horn of plenty will be prominent pouring forth treasures and angels of peace will hover over the land. The dismounted cannon will be wreathed

INSPIRING PEACE AND PLENTY.

will flowers its muzzle filled with roses children will play over it and one darling little one will sit astride the breech, spiking it forever. Herewith are given illustrations showing the general scope of two of these interesting designs.

THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME

Prepared for the National Columbian Public School Celebration of Oct 21

IT IS now known to all readers that President Harrison has issued a proclamation naming Oct 21 as the true anniversary of the discovery of America, and recommending its observance by suitable exercises in all the schools of the United States.

A uniform programme for every school in America to be used on Columbus Day simultaneously with the dedicatory exercises of the World's Columbian exposition grounds in Chicago, will give an impressive unity to the popular celebration. Accordingly, when the superintendents of education last February accepted the plan for this national public school celebration, they instructed their executive committee to prepare an official programme of exercises for the day, uniform for every school.

The following programme has been prepared by the committee.

The school should assemble at 9 a.m. in their various rooms. At 9:30 the detail of veterans is expected to arrive. It is to be met at the entrance of the yard by the color guard of pupils, escorted with dignity to the building and presented to the principal. The principal then gives the signal and the several teachers conduct their pupils to the yard, to drum beat or other [illegible], and arrange them in hollow square about the flag the veterans and color guard taking places by the flag itself. The master of ceremonies then gives the command "Attention!" and begins the exercises by reading the proclamation.

1. READING OF THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION. By the Master of Ceremonies.

At the close of the reading he announces— "In accordance with this recommendation by the President of the United States and as a sign of our devotion to our country, let the flag of the nation be unfurled above this school."

2. RAISING OF THE FLAG. By the Veterans.

As the flag reaches the masthead the veterans will lead the assemblage in three cheers for "Old Glory."

3. SALUTE TO THE FLAG. By the Pupils.

At a signal from the principal the pupils in ordered ranks hands to the side, face the flag. Another signal is given; every pupil gives the flag the military salute right hand lifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus all repeat together slowly, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words "to my flag" the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and remains in this gesture till the end of the affirmation, whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side. Then still standing, as the instruments strike a chord, all will sing "America"—"My country 'tis of thee."

4. ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD. Prayer or Scripture.

5. SONG OF COLUMBUS DAY. By Pupils and Audience.

Air "Lyons"

Columbia, my land! all hail the glad day
When first to thy strand Hope pointed the way.
Hail him who thro' darkness first followed the flame
That led where the Mayflower of Liberty came.

Dear Country, the star of the valiant and free!
Thy exiles afar are dreaming of thee
No fields of the Earth so enchantingly shine,
No air breathes such incense, such music as thine.

Humanity's home! thy sheltering breast
Gives welcome and room to strangers oppressed.
Pale children of Hunger and Hatred and Wrong
Find life in thy freedom and joy in thy song

Thy fairest estate the lowly may hold,
Thy poor may grow great, thy feeble grow bold,
For worth is the watchword to noble degree,
And manhood is mighty where manhood is free.

O union of States and union of souls!
Thy promise awaits, thy future unfolds,
And earth from her twilight is hailing the sun
That rises where people and rulers are one.

THERON BROWN.

6. THE ADDRESS. "The Meaning of the Four Centuries."

A declamation of the special address prepared for the occasion by The Youth's Companion.

7. THE ODE. "Columbia's Banner."

A reading of the poem written for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor.

Here should follow whatever additional exercises, patriotic recitations historic representations or chorals may be desired.

8. ADDRESSES BY CITIZENS AND NATIONAL SONGS.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Francis Bellamy, chairman, representing The Youth's Companion, Boston.

John W. Dickinson, secretary of the Massachusetts board of education.

Thomas B. Stockwell, commissioner of Rhode Island public schools.

W. R. Garrett, superintendent of public instruction of Tennessee.

Ferris S. Fitch, superintendent of public instruction of Michigan.

A Forgotten Columbus Monument.

It is a mistake to suppose that there was, up to a short time ago, no monument to Columbus in the United States. There is a monumental shaft in Baltimore. It is obscurely placed and is inscribed "Chris. Columbo." It dates from 1792. It was erected by the French consul general. De Anmeur, who, with some hundred or more French officers and soldiers, remained in Baltimore after the end of the Revolutionary war.

Domestic Servant Statistics.

Just at this time when the servant girl problem appears to be well nigh unsolvable it is interesting to know that Lord Jersey estimates that there are 1,803,400 domestic servants in England, of whom 1,41[illegible]

MONEY HAS NO CHARM

WALTER WELLMAN DECIDES NOT TO BE A CAPITALIST.

He Arrives at This Sage Conclusion After a Voyage on a Millionaire's Yacht. An Idaho Monte Cristo's Disappointing Experience in Washington Society.

Special Correspondence.

AT SEA OFF LONG ISLAND Sept 15.—I was trained a practical printer and I love the printing business, my vocation is that of a newspaper writer and I love that. Yet whenever I have been asked what profession I would follow if I could take my choice my reply has been "A capitalist."

To me it has always seemed, as I don't know that it has to you dear reader that an ideal existence would be possession of a big fortune with no worry about money, save how to spend it, with no demand on one's energies save pursuit of new plans for having fun.

But I take it all back. I do not want to be a capitalist. I will stick to the newspaper business working hard for a living racking my dull brain to please both readers and managing editor and when I fall back done for worked out no longer able to satisfy public and employer—as it is said all writers fall as sooner or later—I will take up the stick and rule and set type. Anything but being a capitalist.

This change of heart is due to a knowledge which I have recently acquired of the capitalistic business. I have discovered that it is not what it is cracked up to be. I have studied an object lesson in capitalism till I have become convinced it is a thing to be shunned as we would fly from the nimble germ of cholera or the insidious bacillus of yellow fever. This object lesson is my host on board the gallant yacht which is now steaming toward New York harbor.

It is not nice to sit down and gossip about one's host—to use him as an object lesson—but in this instance I deliberately violate good taste in order to accomplish the worthy purpose of convincing hundreds of thousands of readers who are not capitalists, but who yearn to be capitalists, that they will be much better off if they remain what they are.

Two or three years ago out in Idaho was a young miner. He worked with his hands down in the bowels of the earth wielding a pick or a spade, sometimes for others at so much per day, sometimes for himself in claims located by himself or partners. He was a steady and industrious young man, and in course of time saved up $12,000 or $15,000.

Another miner had a claim for sale and offered it to our hero. The latter, whose name was De Lamar, examined the mine with the alertness and acuteness of an expert. He concluded it was a good thing and offered $7,000 for it. But this offer was not accepted. The owner had hopes of getting a bigger price from Senator Jones, of Nevada, whose agent was at that very moment inspecting the property.

Senator Jones is one of the keenest men in the world on mines, now that Senator Hearst is dead. If he had gone to Idaho himself he would have bought this mine if it had cost him $500,000. But his agent was not enthusiastic, and the best the senator would do was $10,000. Young De Lamar saw this $10,000 and went it $2,000 better, and for $12,000 the mine became his.

He knew he had a good thing, but his wildest dreams had never pictured the reality. In three months the promising mine the west is full of promising mines—had been developed into one of the richest finds in all Idaho. Instead of thousands it was worth millions.

All good things come to New York for a market. De Lamar brought his mine to Gotham, but was induced to go on to London. "New York has silver, but London has gold" said Tom Ochiltree to whom the young Idaho miner had been introduced—"London is the place to finance a big thing. Over there millions lie idle yearning for investment."

So De Lamar and Ochiltree went on to London. The latter had entree over there. He knew clubmen lords, millionaires galore. He was popular with them because his stories had made them laugh. They had confidence in him because he was trusted by John Mackay, although perhaps they didn't know that Mackay paid Ochiltree $5,000 a year to entertain him $5,000 a year to be a millionaire's court clown. De Lamar knew this, but he didn't care. "Tom is a good clown and earns his money, and he is a square man and can get in with those rich nobs on the other side, and that's all I want."

They did get in with the nobs on the other side. They talked mine to them. Experts were sent all the way to Idaho. The [illegible] and assays were verified for nowadays our English friends don't buy American mines with their eyes shut. And finally a London company bought a two thirds interest in Mr De Lamar's mine for about £600,000, $3,000,000. This great sum was paid in cash, and thus it was my host became a capitalist.

In addition to the $3,000,000 in cash he still owned a third of the mine and as it proved to be very very rich the income from his share has been more than young De Lamar could spend, let alone the principal and the interest upon it!

"Lucky De Lamar," the world said. "Lucky boy," he said to himself. Then he started out to enjoy his millions. The world was at his feet. He could, with the magic power of money, do almost anything which he might chance to want to do. He had dreams of pleasure of triumph, of luxury.

For about a year and a half De Lamar has tasted the delights of great wealth—and he is tired of it. He is weary of being a capitalist. He almost wishes himself back in the mines, pick in hand, dinner pail waiting for him at the shaft.

De Lamar has had a strange, a unique career for eighteen months. He has been a man marked by his wealth. He has been set apart from the remainder of mankind by his $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 in spot cash. And I greatly fear his [illegible] has put an impenetrable netting about him, keeping him from the sweets of life—the sweets of life from him.

First he tried society at Washington. He had known Russell Harrison in Montana and rather liked him. Prince Russell "took him up" at the capital introduced him, and I suppose borrowed money from him. Having millions the young miner was much sought. But being a man of good sense, he didn't enjoy having people run after him simply because he was rich. You see the fly in De Lamar's ointment is that he is a man as well as a millionaire. If he were a cad he would be perfectly happy.

For instance, in Washington he drove a span of beautiful Russian horses. He was fond of taking to drive the people he liked, until those same people contrived to work the society columns of the papers for advertising on account of the ride De Lamar was disgusted. He liked Russell Harrison and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, because they were kind to him and good companions and he gave a dinner to Mrs. McKee at which the flowers cost a cool $500, the electric lights arranged for beautiful and novel effects $1,000 and a singer imported from New York an even $1,500. Mr De Lamar did not care for expenses his only aim was to please his friends. But when the newspapers wrote up the dinner as the newspapers know how to do he was sorry he had given it. He wants pleasure for his friends and himself. He does not want notoriety.

Of course we perceive his difficulty. If he live and entertain modestly people say he is miserly with his great wealth, if he does the generous thing as it is always his impulse to do they say he is making a splurge with his money—that he is a golden calf.

Another instance of the disadvantages of being a capitalist and also an example of our hero's good sense—the diplomatic set in Washington took him up of course. The young attaches cottoned to him because he had horses and dinners and generosity. Good naturedly he let them make up yachting parties, paying all bills, bought all the boxes at the theater turned it over to the attaches and their ladies winding up with a rich supper at the Shoreham.

How did the attaches return this courtesy. As cads might be expected to return it. They left their cards at Mr De Lamar's hotel instead of calling on him. One day in the hotel office De Lamar surprised a group of them who had left cards and were about to disappear. His patience was exhausted and his western frankness came to the front.

"Do you fellows" said he "why don't you come up to my room and call like men? I am not a born aristocrat, but I appear to be good enough for you to associate with elsewhere. It happens that I have plenty of money while you chaps have what your fathers give you. But what difference does that make? If you want to be friendly ask me around the corner to have a glass of beer, offer me one of your infernal cigarettes, or do something to show you are friends. That's all I want."

The attaches were greatly shocked. They talked of challenging De Lamar, but didn't. The Idaho Monte Cristo soon left Washington, convinced that society there was hollow, insincere, tuft hunting. He tried Europe and didn't like it any better. He tried Newport, and found no relief there. Then he came down to New York.

Here, as elsewhere, life was made a burden. The beggars were after him—well dressed, plausible beggars. Schemers and borrowers sought him out. His mail was full of plaintive appeals, delusive offers. Women lay in wait for him by the thousands some on their own account some for their marriageable daughters.

While a poor man he had helped one girl to secure an education and to win success on the stage. When this became known thousands of stagestruck maidens besieged him. Actresses were after him to secure his assistance in starting their companies on the road.

Imagine the unfortunate lot of this young man. It is impossible for him to stir without being pointed out as the rich De Lamar, who has $3,000,000 in cold cash. The waiters know him, cab drivers know him, everybody knows him. If he were a fool, like Coal Oil Johnny, he would throw his money around and have fun seeing the human monkeys scramble for it. But he is a man of good sense, with the instincts of a gentleman a rough diamond, he is not fond of drink, of vice in any form, nor of gaming.

He would like to enjoy life, but hasn't found the means. He has much money, with which he is generous, but he doesn't propose to be made a dupe of by scheming men and women and half his time is spent protecting that which he values more than his money his reputation for shrewdness, tact and discernment.

Finally the pressure became so great in New York that De Lamar bought this yacht to make his escape in. Inviting his friends aboard he cruises about. He enjoys good companionship, bright but sensible conversation better than more dashing pursuits of pleasure. He is himself unaffected, keen, sympathetic, unspoiled by luck. His chief fault or misfortune is his possession of three or four millions of money. Some day perhaps he will become desperate enough to throw his millions overboard and be happy!

WALTER WELLMAN.

Female Students Admitted.

The conservative old University of Virginia has relaxed so far as to admit lady students to a sort of annex. They will not attend the regular lectures of the schools, and must obtain their instruction from the professors in charge in the form of suggestions as to the text books to read and explanations of difficult passages, etc. Examinations of the women will be held from time to time on the same subjects as are included in the curriculum of the men and to successful candidates certificates will be given.

Electricity and Explosives.

No stronger evidence of the safety of electric lighting installations can be afforded than the fact that a great many explosives factories are now being lit by electricity. It is obvious that in a building where the preparation of inflammable or highly explosive substances is carried on very special care should be taken in order to avoid even the smallest risk, and powder manufacturers now find that the electric light adds a considerable percentage over gas to the chances of safe operation. While electricity increases the safety of this branch of industry in one way it lessens it in another. There is a great deal of free electricity thrown off in various stages of manufacture and the disposition of this, so far as it can be removed out of harm's way, is a serious question.

The charge of a powder cake press with ebonite plates may practically be considered as an electric pile and a large amount of friction or electric influence from outside may cause a sufficient electric charge to give off sparks. Several undisputed cases of this kind have been known. Another source of danger from friction occurs during the glazing, rounding and sieving of gun powder. The powder is subjected to a constant rubbing of its particles against each other and during the glazing especially there is danger of electricity accumulating.

Therefore precautions should be taken in order to convey away any charge that may accumulate in the [illegible].—New York Telegram.

The Wife of Columbus.

What about Mrs. Columbus? She ought to figure somehow in the celebration, although there is no picture of her extant. She was a Miss Palestrello, of Lisbon and became the wife of Columbus in 1479. Her father was a navigator, and from old Palestrello's charts Columbus got his first ideas about a western passage to the Indies.

OLD AND NEW PORT.

A LETTER FROM THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES

Some Historical Curiosities in a Quaint Old Town—Perry's Statue and the Stone Mill. Two American Palaces. The Fashion of Coaching. Newport's Casino.

Special Correspondence of THE GAZETTE.

NEWPORT Sept 12. It may be interesting to those of you who are spending the summer in Colorado Springs and enjoying the fine scenery and cool mountain air of that famous western resort to hear something of another resort the Queen of American watering places, Newport.

It is difficult to say just how long after Newport had grown to be a town of any size it became a watering place, that it was a popular resort even before the Revolutionary times there is conclusive evidence.

A great deal has been written of modern Newport that is the fashionable part of the place and the life here, but I am going to tell you first a little about the older portion of the town, or Oldport, as it is often called. You can not fancy any place more quaint than this seaport town of a century or more ago with its narrow, crooked streets and low, gambrel roofed houses, many of which are interesting on account of their historical associations, having been harboring places during revolutionary times. In about the middle of "Oldport" is Washington square, a small space laid out as a park, in which stands the bronze statue of Commodore Perry. The statue represents the hero as he appeared on gaining the deck of the Niagara, after having left his shattered flagship Lawrence. Just opposite was his residence, an old house now used as a market.

Back of the Perry statue and a little to the right the old state house, built in 1735, still stands. It is of brick with stone trimmings and from the balcony, which overhangs the main entrance, the old custom of publicly declaring who has been elected governor of the state is still kept up.

In a little park just off Bellevue avenue stands the most interesting ruin in America. It is the "Old Stone Mill" which of late years has led to so much discussion by archæologists in regard to its origin. It is a round tower twenty-six feet high, built of roughly hewn stone, cemented with a tenacious mortar and having eight piers placed upon the cardinal points of the compass. Many believe this structure to have been built by the Norsemen long before Columbus discovered America while others think it the work of the early settlers who used it as a mill for grinding corn. The almost universal opinion now is that it was built by and belonged to Gov. Benedict Arnold, who once lived a short distance from the place and speaks of it in his will as "my stone built windmill." It is the "Old Stone Mill" which Longfellow refers to in "The Skeleton in Armor," in which the closing scene is laid in

> —that lofty tower,
> Which, to this very hour
> Stands looking seaward."

One sunny afternoon I took a stroll along the "Cliff walk." Nothing could be more beautiful than this walk with the sea dashing up against the rocks on one side, and the emerald lawns and fine villas on the other.

There are two houses, only recently completed, on this walk which are now by far the most magnificent in Newport. The first is the house of Mr. Ogden Goelet of New York, the other the marble palace of Mr William K Vanderbilt. The Goelet house faces on Narragansett avenue, the grounds extending through to the "Cliff walk," thus commanding a fine view of the ocean. It is built of gray stone in the Renaissance style of architecture with Gothic embellishments. The hallways are probably the most magnificent in any private residence in the country. The open arcade which extends from the ground floor to the stained glass dome in the roof is supported by polished columns of Caen stone with Corinthian capitals. Winding around the arcade to the top of the second story is a staircase also of Caen stone richly carved and of grand proportions. From the second story upwards the staircase is of polished oak. On the ceiling of the hall is a magnificent fresco by Tiepolo, said to have cost $65,000.

The house of Wm K Vanderbilt, the erection of which cost one million and a half dollars, is one of white marble with a Corinthian portico and is partially modeled after the Petit Trianon at Versailles.

There is a new feature in the life here at Newport this summer. It is a public coach run between this place and Tiverton, a little town on the mainland of Rhode Island about twenty six miles distant. The coach starts in the morning, reaching Tiverton about noon, where luncheon is served in the village inn, and returning in the afternoon. The road traveled over is one of the most beautiful and interesting in this part of the country.

Extending on either side are green hills and valleys dotted here and there with farm houses, and the house where General Prescott was captured by the American forces during the Revolution also lies on the way. The promoters and patrons of this coaching scheme are mostly the wealthy cottagers, who get up parties and charter the coach for certain days, but when it is not thus engaged any person paying five dollars for the round trip may occupy a seat.

I cannot close this letter without some mention of the casino, principally because in many respects it cannot be compared with our own Casino at Broadmoor which is very gratifying. In the first place it is not advantageously situated with regard to natural beauty being situated in town; the main entrance on Bellevue avenue, instead of out on the cliffs overlooking the sea, an ideal place for a casino. The casino itself is built in the shape of a horse shoe the curved or middle part being used as piazza, while at either side are two rooms, one used as a cafe and the other as a reading room. The [illegible] hall used for dancing is not connected with the main part and is some little distance across the grounds. All the buildings are of wood partially shingled and covered with ivy.

It is on the casino grounds that the famous annual tennis tournament takes place where O L Campbell and others have so often distinguished themselves, and one could not gaze upon a more charming picture than the gayly dressed throngs seated on the green lawns under the trees watching the game with deep interest.

In a few short weeks the season will be over. The notes of the coaching horn will no more resound upon the air, the music, the dancing, the tennis, the driving will all be of the past and Newport will settle down once more for a long and dreary winter.

MADGE LORRAINE FLESHMAN.

An Iron Rain.

Harper's Young People.

Any clear night, if the watcher has patience, he may see one or more "shooting stars" or meteors. These are not stars at all, but often are more brilliant than any star, because they are so near us that their friction against the earth's atmosphere either causes them to glow at white heat or flame up like a torch. Even a very small meteor, one not much larger than a pinhead, might become distinctly visible in this way, and seen against a background of constellations outshine the north star.

The whole solar system, astronomers say, is strewn with particles of matter known as star dust, while larger bodies known as meteoroids chase one another about the sun at intervals of a few miles. Usually when these meteoroids encounter the earth's atmosphere they break into small fragments and fall harmlessly to the ground. It is thought that only 600 or 700 of the meteoric stones reach the surface of the earth unbroken in the course of a year, while the number of small particles which fall has been estimated at 2,000,000 a day. If the air did not act as a cushion, no casualty would be more common than being hit by a meteorite.

Meteorites are usually composed of iron, silicon and oxygen, the three elements which are most common in the earth, and as no new elements have been found in these visitors from space, it is believed that the solar system, and perhaps the universe, are made out of the same material as the earth.

The motion of falling meteors is very curious. One has been known to travel on a line almost parallel with the earth's surface, and from sixty to one hundred miles above it, all the way from [illegible] Territory to central New York, where it is supposed to have fallen in fragments. Another [illegible] from Michigan [illegible] New York state and on out to sea between New York city and New Haven [illegible] hundred miles an hour after they became visible.

Meteors are most common about Aug. 10 and Dec. 7, when the earth encounters long "drifts" of meteoroids as they journey around the sun. Once in thirty three years the earth [illegible] the thin stream of [illegible] which [illegible] from the [illegible] tion Leo, and it is so long that six or eight years are required for this flock of meteors, traveling twenty-six miles a second, to pass a given point. When the earth meets this great torchlight procession there is a display worth seeing. The next one will take place in November, 1899.

Where [illegible] come from is not known. Whether they are fragments of a bursted planet or collected star dust can only be surmised. Once it was thought that they kept up the sun's supply of heat by running into him, but this theory has been abandoned. What is certain is that the planets are growing somewhat larger and heavier every year through the shower of meteors and star dust that is constantly falling. Once it happened that while it never rains pitchforks, yet iron enough to make a pitchfork came upon the earth one day.

The [illegible]

In a small New Hampshire town which happens to be the junction of two roads, a young woman had occasion to change cars. She explained to the station agent that she was to wait for the 7:40 train for such a place, and he nodded gruffly. A train came in about 7:25, and she asked the guardian of the place, "Is that my train?" "No," said he gruffly, "it ain't." She waited patiently. In half an hour she [illegible] again "Isn't the train to [illegible] late?" she asked. "Gone," replied the [illegible] laconically. "When did it go?" "Went at 7:27." "What? You [illegible] that train wasn't my train!" "It wasn't your train. That train belonged to the New England and Atlantic railroad." The humorist is now looking for a job.—Boston Globe.

A [illegible] Fight.

A.—Fancy X is so fat that he has not seen his feet for the last ten years.

B.—Nothing extraordinary in that. I know a student that is so tall that he has to climb on a ladder to take off his hat.

C.—That's nothing at all. I have a cousin whose legs are so long that when he catches cold in his legs on Jan. 1 he does not begin sneezing till the 25th of the same month.—Courier du Midi.

Not Hard to Please.

"If it's the ordinary kind of spring chicken you've got," said the thin looking guest, glancing at the bill of fare, "you may bring me a small [illegible] one."

"We're furnishing [illegible] spring chicken today, sir," said the waiter stiffly.

"Then bring me half a dozen. I'm not very hungry this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew Her Deficiencies.

Mr. Wickwire. But, my dear, you are so pretty that I really cannot see how your beauty needs any addition in the shape of such things [illegible] wish.

Mrs. Wickwire. No, I am not. If I were as pretty as you pretend I would not have to beg so long to get a new dress.—Indianapolis Journal.

[illegible]

[illegible]

imag serial 6465

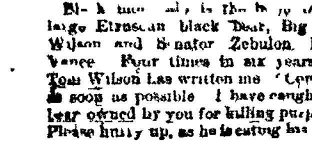
THE HOG, BY BILL NYE

[illegible] OF THE VERSATILE AND SLAB SIDED RAZORBACK

[illegible] at Black Mountain, [illegible] in the Home of [illegible] Remarks About the Senator, and Why His Home Is Called Gombroon

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)

Black mountain is the home of the large Etruscan black bear, Big Tom Wilson and Senator Zebulon Baird Vance. Four times in six years Big Tom Wilson has written me "Come up as soon as possible. I have caught the bear owned by you for killing purposes. Please hurry up, as he is eating his head



A BEAR TO BE KILLED.

off." Four times affairs of state have prevented my going up to Black mountain, and so other hands have killed my bear.

The bear of Black mountain is of the order of Carnivora and tribe Plantigrade, and is a tribe of the family Ursidæ. They walk on the soles of their feet and have five toes on each foot. Their tales are not serial tales, being brief and to the point. The tail of the Black mountain bear is extremely rudimentary, and in some cases is merely a depression.

Some species of the bear hibernate in the winter, occupying a hollow tree or cave in the earth. They remain stationary at such times, living on the record of their glorious past. The Kamschatka [illegible] is found in Kamschatka. The [illegible] of the black bear of Black mountain is eaten for food. It tastes like a hot box. People who can get civilized [illegible] eat bear meat. The [illegible] mostly berries, roots and [illegible], and therefore should be good eating [illegible], but he breaks over the rules [illegible] after Lent and eats a colored [illegible].

Now and then one at dusk hears the shrill cry of a shote adown the shady valley of the north branch of the Swannanoa. Then the peasantry of Black mountain crouch closer to each other, and they call in their great wealth of dog where it will be safe, for they know that Senator Vance is feeding the bear with one of his clipper built hogs.

Senator Vance's hogs come of a hardy race of ridge rooters easily detected by the long [illegible] face. He is a mountain hog and fond of liberty, reminding one of William Tell, except that his legs are longer. He is sure footed and clings to the crags and precipices like a chamois. "Yesterday," said the senator, "we killed a rattlesnake and I wanted the boys to keep it to show you, but I've got thirty or forty hogs running around here loose in the woods waiting for chestnuts or the third party or something of that kind to come along, and so they ate it up."

The hogs during the summer diet [illegible] themselves down a great deal, take long walks and otherwise haut themselves till they look like autumn leaves. Then, when the autumn leaves and the nuts and acorns come on, you will see the razorback, if the crop be good, fling his tail gayly over the dashboard and let bygones be bygones. Should the mast, as this crop is called, be short, or only a half crop, of course his tail will naturally hang at half mast, but that is neither here nor there.

When taken up and fed a month or so after this course of chestnutting the Black mountain sandy shote or coral [illegible] soon becomes a delicious morsel, the hams being as large and juicy as the [illegible] of the Buff Cochin hen at maturity.

I ate a couple of these hams at Senator Vance's table, and I shall never speak lightly of the ridge rooter again. He is subject to none of the diseases peculiar to corpulence. He breathes good air, eats the pokeberry in midsummer till his ceilings and wainscotings are as red as a Chinese demonstration, then he eats the wild cucumber which falls from the cucumber tree after the squirrel has had all he wants, and the result is that by November he is ready to take a course of corn in the ear or elsewhere, and winds up at the glorious yuletide when the holly berries are red and the mistletoe and the persimmons are both ripe, still slender and girlish in figure, but as tender and juicy as a Brazil nut.

Sometimes one strikes a mountain hog however that will not take on flesh, but remains thin and angular. These are often killed and dried just as they are and may be used to clean lamp chimneys with.

Senator Vance lives on the saddle of a ridge in such a position as to have in front of the house the highest peak of Craggy mountain, while at the back of the house, straight down 500 feet, you hear the roar and tumble of the North Branch. Here stands Gombroon, the [illegible]ful and [illegible] home of North Carolina's favorite son and senator.

"What made you call it Gombroon?" asked Mrs. Vance as I ate another watermelon and concealed the rinds in Major Stedman's umbrella. I asked this question because a pizen political adversary said that it was mighty poor taste for a United States senator to name his summer home for a little covey of [illegible] and flea infected hovels on the Persian gulf.

"The little seaport on the Persian gulf had nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Vance. "I'd been reading an article on 'The Vagaries of Eminent [illegible],' and among others the dream of De Quincey that seemed to haunt him in all later years, that he had [illegible] owned and ruled a distant island [illegible] Gombroon. In all his work and in his leisure, as a purple [illegible] the picture of actual life [illegible] ever present country which he called Gombroon.

"So when in the midst of this [illegible] band [illegible] to me that if he could [illegible] earnestly and industriously of the [illegible]ing convention as he did of the [illegible] and the orchard upon Black mountain he would probably be more [illegible] — a politician I named the [illegible] Gombroon, and Gombroon it is likely to remain."

You get off the R. & D. train at Black Mountain station and there [illegible] a [illegible] drawn by two melancholy [illegible]. Black Mountain station is not a financial center, but is still [illegible] by wall street. A large political meeting was being held there at the school house on the afternoon of our arrival [illegible] Democratic doctrine was coming out through the open window, together with the [illegible] of [illegible].

The road to Gombroon is eight miles in length and reminds one of Pennsylvania avenue in some respects. The route crosses and recrosses the Branch just often enough to keep the feet of [illegible] tidy, and the bowlders which you drive over are well worthy of the attention of the geologist. Four years ago I would have said that the road to Gombroon was rough and irregular, but since I have driven over Patton avenue and South Main street in Asheville I am gentler in my judgment of mountain roads since that.

I gathered from what Senator Vance let fall while we were conversing on political matters that he is a Democrat. So is Mrs. Vance. Yet they had nothing to say of the Republican nominees except in a tone of the most kindly commiseration. We spoke very little on political matters however, as Major Wilson was there also and if any one spoke of politics he promptly but gracefully changed the topic of conversation by referring to the third party candidates.

The nominees on the third party ticket in North Carolina seem to be having some trouble already, one having been arrested for using profane language in the presence of [illegible] for carrying concealed weapons, another charged with eloping with his wife's sister and another with stealing a hog from a widow woman during our late war. I trust that these grave charges will be refuted at an early date.

Senator Vance has many agricultural ideas in common with my own. His watermelons mature in October. So do mine. He has been unsuccessful in perfecting a coreless baked apple from seedling trees. So have I. His wormless apple for train use has never reached maturity. Neither has my own.

But vegetables generally have done well in both cases. We had an abundance of all truck from the garden and Irish potatoes that would do more for home rule than all the enthusiasm and armies of those political meetings and stellated fractures in Ireland, where all joint discussions are held in the rum joints of that liberty loving island.

Gombroon is a handsome summer home built of native timber grown on the place, cut on the place and hauled by the Vance mules, Peter and Repeter, to a little mill down the Branch where the timber was sawed, dressed, kiln dried and prepared for the building. In digging for the foundation a bed of beautiful building sand was found, and a quarry of excellent stone was struck within a four minute walk of the house and a little above it, so that with a stone boat and the speckled steers Eyether and Nyether, Senator Vance easily hauled in a few days stone enough to build the foundation of the house.

I ATE ANOTHER WATERMELON

The building is finished in the very justly celebrated woods of North Carolina and I may be allowed at this point to speak, I hope, of the lack of enthusiasm shown in the collection and preparation of such things for the big fair from this state. It is doubtful if any other state in the Union has such an unbounded wealth of beautiful woods, and yet I tremble when I think what a feeble showing it bids fair to make at Chicago. Nebraska, which is a magnificent agricultural state, but not celebrated as a timber state by any means, will furnish the $1 000 hammer with a handle of Nebraska woods with which to drive the last nail in the woman's building. Why couldn't North Carolina with every variety of staple and ornamental wood covering the entire Blue Ridge in this state to a depth of 80 to 100 feet, nerve herself up to supplying the handle of such a hammer? She would not feel it in fifty years from now.

Gombroon, with its oaken stairs and halls, its ceilings of curly poplar and maple, its rooms finished in cherry and mountain mahogany, its library with massive dark beams of native wood and oaken floors, is a good advertisement of what there is lying untouched and undeveloped in what Professor Guyot says is the most magnificently wooded mountain range in the world.

Mr. Suttle, to whose mules we were indebted for a delightful ride of eight miles up to Gombroon, said that the estate embraces 2 500 acres I believe, which gives the senator's pigs a feeling of perfect freedom that is entirely absent in the illiterate but arrogant hog of the congested metropolis.

The Vance hog may be known at once by the flash of his eye and the firm, erect and defiant tail. His face is long and thoughtful, but there is an elasticity to his step which reminds one of the antelope, the springbok or the gazelle.

Senator Vance began life and gradually worked his way up to congress, where he has nothing to do from morning till night but legislate in the interests of good government daytimes and answer letters from his constituents at night.

As a young lawyer he attracted the attention of the court by his Craggy mountain methods of settling matters with opposing counsel. "Will you step outside and repeat that remark?" he would say in a low tone to counsel, motioning over his shoulder with his thumb. Then, if counsel said yes they would slip out quietly and in an ex parte method arrange the matter, returning later with from two to four eyes closed, and resume the trial.

One of his earlier cases was taken by Mr. Vance on shares or at the halves, he to receive 50 per cent. of the judgment for his work. His client during the trial developed into a person criminally liable and under the old statute received a verdict of fifty seven lashes. Ever since that Mr. Vance has accepted no cases except at an agreed price. He was afraid that he might deprive some poor man or his family of the lashes that they needed for the winter.

Bill Nye

The [illegible] used in a copper [illegible] works at [illegible] in the Caucasus [illegible] fifteen [illegible] of [illegible] steel pipe.

George [illegible]. His father was an [illegible] keeper and in his boyhood George [illegible] the door and ran [illegible] the guests.

BOWSER AND BABY.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY THINKS HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

There Are Some Things, However, That a Man Does Not Know, Even If He Thinks He Does—Mrs. Bowser to the Rescue.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"If you are going to be home this evening I'd like to run in and see Mrs. [illegible] for a few minutes," said Mrs. Bowser to her liege lord, who sat reading his paper.

"You can go as well as not," he replied.

"If the baby wakes up do you think you can take care of him?"

"Certainly. Run right along and stay as long as you wish."

"If he should wake up, which he probably won't, you'll—"

"I'll [illegible] him asleep again in two winks. Don't you worry about us. It would be a [illegible] father who couldn't take care of his own baby for a quarter of an hour."

"You won't be impatient with him?" she asked as she was ready to go.

"Good [illegible]! I'm the most patient man on the face of this earth and you know it! One would think from the way you talk that I was in the habit of pounding him against the walls!"

Young Bowser was asleep in the baby carriage, and [illegible] Mrs. Bowser

CONVINCING THE BABY

had been gone just three minutes when he became restless, and Mr. Bowser pushed the carriage around and began singing, "I want to be an angel." He had just begun on the third line when the kid opened his eyes and sat up.

"How speedily a child recognizes the presence of its father, even if fast asleep!" said Mr. Bowser as he tenderly gazed at his offspring. "Mrs. Bowser imagines she's the only person on earth who knows how to handle this young un, but I'll show her that."

The kid suddenly put up a lip and uttered a dismal wail.

"Just so. I see—want to come to your father's arms. All right, my boy—come along."

He extended his arms with a smile, but the wail broke into a howl and the child began kicking.

"Don't want to get up, eh? All right, my blossom. Cuddle down and think of angels while I push you around and sing 'The Old Kentucky Home.' What on earth is all this row about?"

The kid's kicks became more vigorous and his yells more enthusiastic, while his face turned a strawberry color and his eyes bulged out.

"Probably takes me for a stranger, and I'd better lift him up and convince him to the contrary," muttered Mr. Bowser as he proceeded to carry out the idea.

The child kicked and struggled and yelled, and though Mr. Bowser went galloping around the room and yelled "Hi! Hi!" he failed to produce a diversion. He stood before the mirror and bounced the child up and down, but it was no go. He sat down to rock, but the yells became shrieks.

"Swallowed a thimble or a spool or the tack hammer, probably, and wants turning upside down. I've told Mrs. Bowser more than a million—"

The kid was turned head downward, but no thimble or spool or tack hammer was dislodged from his gullet. If he had slyly swallowed a section of garden hose or a coal scuttle it was too late to recover it now. When this fact became apparent, Mr. Bowser changed ends with him and began to canter around. He jumped over a chair, jumped upon the lounge and off again, kicked a footstool half way to the ceiling and rushed back and forth through the Japanese curtains in a way which took three or four strands with him every time. The boy let up for a minute, but only to get a better hold. When he turned on steam again he lifted the neighbors off their chairs, and every hair on Mr. Bowser's head stood on end.

"Consarn him, but what on earth is the matter!" shouted the father as he tossed him in every direction. "I'll bet a dollar to a cent that he's got a darning needle sticking into his leg about fifteen rods! I've warned Mrs. Bowser time and again that she would be the death— Shut up! What you need, young man, is a good dressing down, and I'll give it to you in about ten seconds! I won't wait ten seconds! I won't wait two! I'll give it to you right off now!"

But he didn't. There was a clattering of feet, a rush through the hall and as some one snatched the child from his arms four or five neighbors excitedly demanded information. When they had departed, satisfied that no one had been killed, Mrs. Bowser asked:

"How did he come to wake up? What's the reason you couldn't pacify him?"

"Who do you refer to?" he icily replied.

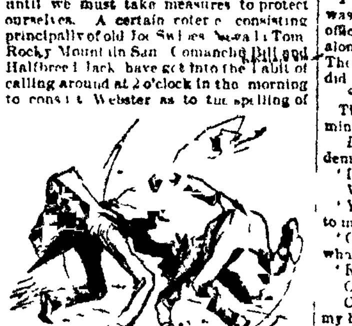
"Why, to our child of course."

"I don't know anything about our child, Mrs. Bowser. I have no child and I thank heaven that I haven't! If you've been to an orphan asylum and adopted a howling, shrieking, boohooing, bellowing, bald headed foundling, then it's your business to take care of him! I want nothing whatever to do with him—don't even want to see him! Good night, Mrs. Bowser!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER

The Editor Has Some Rights of His Own.

TAKE NOTICE.—We own the only unabridged dictionary in this state senatorial district. We are always pleased to have our fellow townsmen drop in and consult the big volume when they get stuck over any word, but of late we have been rushed until we must take measures to protect ourselves. A certain coterie, consisting principally of old Joe Swiles, [illegible] Tom, Rocky Mountain Sam, Comanche Bill and Halfbreed Jack, have got into the habit of calling around at 2 o'clock in the morning to consult Webster as to the spelling of



HE PLAYED WITH HIM

"saleratus," [illegible] the [illegible] other words of the sort. Last [illegible] night the gang came and knocked [illegible] hyena was spelled. We refused to be routed and some one of them heaved a rock through our bedroom window and came within an inch of smashing our head. From and after this date our dictionary will open at 8 o'clock a. m. and close at [illegible] p. m., and after the latter hour [illegible] aside from a city or county official need apply. The fact is there's [illegible] a particle of difference how the old rockers around here do their spelling. Not one in a dozen can write their own names or get through an auction bill, and their sudden interest in Webster doesn't arouse our enthusiasm a little bit. We have strapped a double barreled shotgun to the bedpost, and the next time an old bum comes pounding on our door to find whether "hyena" should be [illegible] two syllables he will hear something rattle.

NOT OFFICIAL.—His honor the mayor (who is ourself) desires us to state that his action of Sunday evening was not official, as some have accepted it, but solely and entirely as a private citizen. He even forgot for the moment that he was editor and proprietor of THE KICKER. He was sitting in a chair in front of the Golden Palace hotel discussing the presidential campaign with Colonel Highbanks, who has just returned from a trip to Chicago, when a mule whacker who had come in with the wagon train Saturday morning and was half drunk and aching for a row, came along the avenue. Deceived by his honor's humble demeanor and Quakerish appearance the whacker stopped and pulled his nose. As the awful cyclone sweeps over the wide prairie—as the fiery thunderbolt dashes itself against the tall cottonwood—as the waters of a bursted [illegible] rush madly down the ravine to wreck and destroy whatever lies in their path, his honor dropped Cleveland and Harrison and picked up the insulter. He mauled him. He pounded him. He pulverized him. He played with him. He left him a total wreck on the sands of the street. The man isn't dead yet. The doctors say that he may linger along for months or even get well but he will be so changed that even his own mother won't know him. His eyes will stare into vacancy, his under jaw drop down and his countenance will wear the look of one choking to death on a piece of beefsteak and seeing a ghost at the same time. The only remembrance he will ever have of the affair will be a hazy suspicion that he happened along just as a volcano belched forth and changed the entire face of the country for a thousand miles around.

LOOK FOR THE "X."—Two weeks previous to the expiration of your subscription you will find a blue pencil "X" marked on the margin of your paper. Two weeks after your subscription has expired and nothing is heard from the "X" you will very likely hear from us. We shall ride up on our mule and demand to know why you haven't renewed. It's a habit we fell into during the first year of editorial life and we shall continue it indefinitely. We never bulldoze for advertising or subscriptions, but when an advertiser or subscriber attempts to drop out of sight we want to know his reasons. We want to know wherein we have not pleased and satisfied. We shall start out next week to look up ten or twelve expired subscribers and may be out of town a couple of days. Two of them have sent in a defi and may have to be enfiladed out of an earthwork, while three others are prepared to start for the mountains and may have to be run down.

STRAIGHT BUSINESS.—Our annual deadhead pass over the P and D stage line from here to the railroad and return expired three weeks ago, and Colonel Baxter has not seen fit to renew it. If the colonel does not send us a new pass, good for one year and do it within a week, we shall open on his old ramshackle coaches and skinny horses in a way to make his heart palpitate. One reason why we selected journalism instead of law was on account of the deadhead passes attached to the former profession. Some editors are a little tender on this point, but we do not belong to that class. We know our rights, sanctified by long established custom, and we are bound to have them. Like most other newspapers, THE KICKER is continually puffing and praising and lying to the public for the benefit of stage lines, railroads and other enterprises, and we are not unreasonable in expecting free passes. If Colonel Baxter

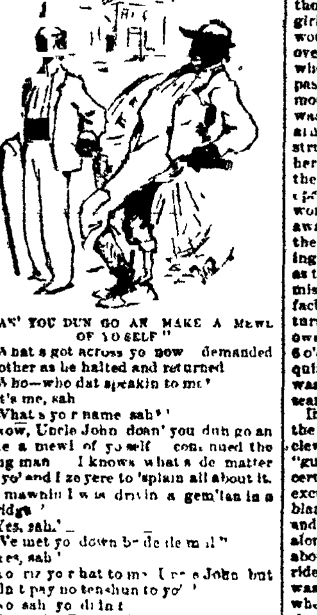
Later—We stop the press to announce that the colonel has forwarded the aforesaid pass and next week we shall have an article laudatory of this speedy, convenient and comfortable stage line, which cannot be too liberally patronized by our fellow citizens.

Why He Cut Uncle John

I was talking with a colored man who drove a dray when a spruce looking young colored man came along and called out:

"Howdy, Uncle John! How's all de folk dis fine weather?"

The drayman looked at him in a cold calm way and made no reply.



"DOAN' YOU DUN GO AN' MAKE A MEWL OF YO SELF."

"What's got across yo' now?" demanded the other as he halted and returned.

"Who—who dat speakin to me?"

"It's me, sah."

"What's yo'r name, sah?"

"Now, Uncle John, doan' you dun go an' make a mewl of yo'self," continued the young man. "I knows what's de matter wid yo' and I ze yere to 'splain all about it. Dis mawnin I was drivin a gem'lan in a keeridge."

"Yes, sah."

"We met yo' down by de [illegible]."

"Yes, sah."

"Yo' riz yo'r hat to me, Uncle John, but I didn't pay no tenshun to yo'."

"No, sah, yo' didn't."

"But why, Uncle John—but why? Fur de reason that the gem'lan in my keeridge was a drummer from St. Louis, an if I had riz my hat to yo' he'd hev said to me: 'Boy, who is dat ole nigger wid a mouf big 'nuff to take in dis hull county?' An I'd hev to tell him yo' was Uncle John [illegible], an he'd hev wanted yo'r photograph as a curiosity an he'd done put yo' in de papers an had all dem people up norf makin de powerfullest kind o' ridicule o' yo'. It was to save yo', Uncle John—it was to save yo' from the difficultest sort o' difficulty dat I didn't riz my hat when yo' riz yo'rs. Can't yo' recognize de [illegible]culashun o' my distressed embarrassment?"

Uncle John recognized and the pair shook hands and the chasm was duly bridged.

He Was No Philosopher

I was talking with the colored man who was sweeping out the corridor of the post office when a young man of his color came along and beckoned to him to step aside. The old man looked at him sharply but did not [illegible].

"Say, [illegible]," called the young man.

There was no reply to this, and after a minute he called again.

"Boy, what yo' wants wid me?" sternly demanded the old man.

"I wants to speak wid yo'."

"Who is yo'?"

"[illegible] know who I is. Yo' is [illegible] engaged to mar[illegible] Evangeline."

"Oh, [illegible] her brudder Sam. Waal, what yo' want?"

"Kin yo' len' me ten cents?"

"On what grounds, sah?"

"On de grounds dat yo' is gwine to be my brudder-in-law."

"Boy, Doan' yo' know nuffin 'bout [illegible]" shouted the old man as he raised his broom over his shoulder. "My [illegible] engaged to marry sister Evangeline as a private citizen an' standin heah representin de United States guvment as [illegible] a gem'lan besides am two [illegible] fo' [illegible] brudder-in-law I'd like to obleege [illegible] present alive o' dis guvment I doan know yo' from Adam an if yo' doan move on I'll hev to smash yo' to bone dust."

M. QUAD.

The [illegible] of Morocco owns the most expensive [illegible] the whole of the frame [illegible] nickel plated [illegible] cost [illegible].

The [illegible] telegraph line was [illegible] in [illegible] by message in 1792. The [illegible] was invented in [illegible].

A QUEER ABDUCTION.

A CASE WHERE A KITCHEN SERVANT SOLVED A MYSTERY

How a Young Girl Was Concealed in a Cave by a Youth Who Was Insane and Kept There for Weeks Before the Mystery Was Solved

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

While the [illegible] of the present day is immensely [illegible] than it was twenty five years ago it is by no means [illegible]. [illegible] For [illegible] the [illegible] a stranger could [illegible] knowing the [illegible] of the murder is [illegible] on this point [illegible].

[illegible] was known in [illegible] twenty years [illegible]. [illegible] Hawick [illegible] those who arrived there in June [illegible] and [illegible] father was a wealthy [illegible] and a widower. A maid named Sarah Andrews [illegible] her. American [illegible] at Hawick at the time pronounced Miss Bailey unusually handsome and attractive. A London physician had said that her left lung was slightly affected, but [illegible] appearances [illegible] she was in perfect health. Afterward [illegible] everybody knew her [illegible] on foot or in a carriage [illegible] about the place.

Among the men employed about the grounds was a youth named [illegible] Adair. He was twenty [illegible] able to read or write and was not considered either wise or cunning. He fell in love with Miss Bailey at first sight but though it afterward remembered of his acting queerly on occasions she had not the slightest suspicion of the real state of the case. Nor had any one else, for that matter, for Adair had more cunning than they gave him credit for. He realized that the young lady was so far above him in the social scale that he had nothing to hope for without he could secure some unusual advantage. As he afterward confessed and was no doubt honest in his statements and beliefs he determined to abduct and imprison her and hope she would learn to love him when she realized how much he loved her. The idea was absurd of course, but all believed him honest in entertaining it. Two miles away in the mountains was an old drift or tunnel which had been driven for a distance of forty feet and then abandoned. The entrance was hidden by vines and bushes and everybody about the neighborhood seemed to have forgotten the place. In the course of a week, going to and fro only at night, Adair conveyed bedding, two chairs, a stand, a mirror and other articles of furniture to the tunnel or cave, together with a quantity of provisions. Everything was taken from the sanitarium, and yet no one discovered him at work. For a mile going and coming he had to pass over a much traveled highway, but no one afterward came forward to say that they had encountered him. A man carrying a chair ought to attract observation and be remembered, but Adair seemed to have dodged everybody.

The abduction was attended by the same good luck. During an afternoon Miss Bailey walked up the road about a mile, accompanied by her maid. They then sat down in the shade of a large rock, but after perhaps half an hour Miss Bailey fell asleep and the maid carefully got up and began gathering a boquet. As they left the sanitarium Adair was mowing weeds in a field up the road, but neither of the women observed him. He followed after them, keeping in the fields and determined to take advantage of any opportunity. He even thought at one time of carrying off both girls, but finally decided that the load would be too great for him. Sarah was over 200 feet away, though out of sight, when Adair crept up to the sleeping girl, passed his folded handkerchief over her mouth and tied it, and by the time she was awake he was carrying her off in his arms. She naturally enough cried out and struggled, but her cries were muffled and her strength taken away by the surprise of the moment. Adair carried her across an open field forty rods wide, and yet a boy at work at the north end of it eighty rods away did not see him. A sportsman at the south end about as far away was looking about for game and yet he was as blind as the boy. The maid returned to find her mistress gone, and though surprised at the fact she argued that Miss Bailey had returned to the sanitarium. She took her own time about getting there and it was 6 o'clock before there was any general inquiry. It was after dark before any one was sent out and next day noon before the search began in earnest.

In nearly every criminal case of moment the detectives waste time by following clews given them by persons who first "guess" or believe and then know for certain. In this case the maid wanted to exculpate herself. No one would have blamed her, but she feared that result and so she guessed that a vehicle came along the road while she was wandering about and that Miss Bailey went for a ride. After guessing a few times she was sure that she heard the rattle of wheels and caught sight of a white horse through the trees and bushes. She also heard talking and [illegible]. Adair was sent to the village [illegible] person up the road but nothing was to be heard of the missing girl. [illegible] seriously alarmed until two [illegible] had passed. Then it was plain [illegible] there was a mystery to [illegible]. The police were called in and every [illegible] exhausted to discover what had [illegible] of Miss Bailey. Adair was [illegible] questioned. All he had to say was that he saw the two girls go up the road. If Sarah had stuck to the simple truth [illegible] have shortened the search even if it had not led to discoveries. Every one on the case got a false start. They were led to believe there was a man and a horse and cart mixed up with it. Sarah had heard no outcry. It was therefore argued that Miss Bailey had entered the vehicle of her own free will and that the driver was an acquaintance at least. It was not until the road leading north had been searched for a distance of thirty miles, and until wagoneers, farmers and landlords all along were sure that no such rig had passed that Bailey was telegraphed for and a detective came up from Scotland Yard.

Something had happened during the interval to deepen the mystery. Miss Bailey's room had been plundered of her trunk and clothing. The maid occupied a room adjoining, and yet some one had come by night and removed the articles without raising the slightest alarm. [illegible] of the clothing [illegible]. The garments had been [illegible] the trunk and the trunk carried [illegible] a pair of stairs [illegible] of the back door. They knew [illegible] been by the [illegible] found unlocked [illegible] key broken in the lock. Until the father arrived it was generally believed that the girl had fled with a lover who had followed [illegible] her. He soon dispelled that belief, and then the professional [illegible] was [illegible] go to work. [illegible] could make a beginning [illegible] Sarah the maid. [illegible] that she had [illegible] too little. She [illegible] but finally related just what had occurred. She had neither seen nor heard anything. She had been absent from [illegible] fifteen minutes [illegible] Miss Bailey was nowhere to be seen. On the ground was the book she had been reading before she fell asleep and [illegible] fan. Sarah had forgotten to speak of these things before. The detective was soon satisfied that the whole thing was the work of some daring villain, and as Mr. Bailey was a very wealthy man it was natural to conclude that his daughter had been abducted in order to extort a large ransom. Then [illegible] carried her off also [illegible] If [illegible] carried her trunk from the sanitarium [illegible] to hold her several weeks somewhere, why the need of [illegible] clothing? And yet the idea of such a crime being perpetrated in Scotland almost paralyzed him and made him doubt his own conclusions.

Detectives who have to go groping through a case make their [illegible] a client. When this one had [illegible] Miss Bailey had been [illegible] this twelve miles [illegible] father offer a reward of £1,000 [illegible] restoration of his daughter a force of [illegible] a thorough search of the [illegible]. [illegible] After three weeks had gone by it came to be generally believed [illegible] that Miss Bailey had run off to be married and that [illegible].

[illegible]

Adair visited the cave at intervals of twenty four hours and at that [illegible] night. He provided her [illegible] a lamp, gave her all the news [illegible] it happened and seemed [illegible] delighted over the accounts in the newspapers. Her fare was a portion of that with which he was himself supplied, supplemented by some luxuries he bought in [illegible]. He was never [illegible] abused [illegible] in her presence and treated her with the utmost consideration [illegible]. He would even shed tears over her trouble but never relented of his purpose. The tunnel turned out to be a cool, dry place and Miss Bailey did not undergo any physical discomforts on account of the imprisonment. Each day for the first week she hoped to prevail upon Adair to release her. Finding that he could not be moved from his position she gave her consent to wed him, having no intention of course, of standing by her word. Then he was brought to see that the bans must be published and certain forms complied with, and that a legal marriage with her a prisoner was impossible. Although made desperate by his own stupidity he would not give up his idea, and thus passed a second week.

Miss Bailey had not been a passive prisoner during the fortnight. She had gone over the place time and time again hoping to find some weak point to begin operations on, but had found no encouragement. The timbers used for door frames were massive and set against solid rock and the door would have defied stouter arms and better tools than she could bring to bear on it. At the beginning of the third week Adair became sullen and morose and she began to fear him. On Wednesday night of that week he proposed that they secretly leave the neighborhood for the coast and on reaching it take ship for America. She agreed, but here he was baffled again. She had some money in the safe at the sanitarium, but he could not get it and had none of his own. He did not come on Thursday night, but the next evening he threatened that if she did not bring forward some plan within a couple of days to solve the difficulty he would murder her. If he could not marry her no one else should. There was no question in her mind but that he had become daft and dangerous. A simple incident in the kitchen of the sanitarium solved the whole mystery. One of the female servants noticed that Adair had changed greatly of late and she had her eye upon him when he slipped some food from the table into his handkerchief. Nothing was said to him at the time, but the woman began to put this and that together and she finally began to wonder and suspect. She communicated with her master and he with the detective, who was still at the place, and that evening Adair was followed to the cave and Miss Bailey rescued.

When the young man was arrested and thrown in prison it soon became evident that he had lost his mind and could not be held legally responsible. After a medical commission had pronounced on his case he was sent to an insane asylum. Mr. Bailey and his daughter went home and we who still lingered had ceased to talk of the case when a climax to it came. Adair escaped from the asylum and returned to the sanitarium. I want you to notice again how nonobserving the general run of people are. Two of us who sat on the veranda talking failed to see him, though he passed within thirty feet of us. A [illegible] man who sat at a window saw him, but took him for an [illegible] altogether. A servant passed him on the stairs [illegible] called him Joe, which was the name of another man. He must have passed another female servant, and yet she had no remembrance of seeing him, though [illegible]. He proceeded to the room formerly occupied by Miss Bailey and there committed [illegible] body [illegible] entered [illegible] without seeing [illegible].

The Danger of Surf Bathing

[illegible] seas one—if danger can be called one—is what are known as the three waves. The breakers as a rule come in [illegible] three. Sometimes [illegible] but as a [illegible] run at [illegible]. Imagine a bather inside the surf line [illegible]

[illegible]

"It wasn't a good [illegible]," [illegible] the gentle man.

"No good! I was bound [illegible]. It won the first prize for [illegible] at cattle shows."—[illegible]

CHOLERA MICROBES.

DR. OSWALD HAS NO DOUBT OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

He Describes the Phenomena of the Plague and Tells How the Contagion Is Propagated—Crowding Patients Into Hospitals Aggravates the Disease

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—There is a story of a [illegible] athlete who held that a man should [illegible] up against any gale, and [illegible] till a tornado flung him into the middle of the next county.

With a similar conclusiveness certain [illegible] are apt to remove the doubts in the germ theory of disease. Individuals with perfectly sound lungs may indulge in the belief that such affections as hay fever are due to the influence of imagination, but the grip refutes that tenet by arguments not easy to resist, and every cholera epidemic makes thousands of converts to the doctrine of atmospheric poisons. In Havre some of the victims were persons of wealth who had kept the surroundings of their residences scrupulously clean and abstained from fruit and all [illegible] perishable vegetables, but perished themselves in spite of remedies that would have [illegible] ordinary bowel complaints in [illegible].

It is true that in many parts of Europe the heat of the last two months was abnormal and almost unprecedented, but summer heat alone evidently fails to account for the virulence of the epidemic. Cholera as a deadly and contagious disease is almost unknown in the sultry lowlands of the [illegible] valley and visited the coasts of South America only a century after the arrival of the first European colonists. In its progress from the Caspian to the Atlantic the epidemic moreover did not follow the lines of highest temperature and spared Buda Pesth, where the mercury rose one day to 118 degs, in the [illegible] but [illegible] along the main highways of travel and proved most virulent in the principal railway centers of three different countries—St. Petersburg, Hamburg and Havre.

The symptoms of Asiatic cholera are likewise unmistakably those of a germ disease. The drowsiness, cramps and headaches of the initial stage closely resemble the effects of blood poison. The pulse works at fever speed till it ebbs with the utter exhaustion of the vital powers and violent discharges of watery fluid, following each other with appalling rapidity, seem to indicate a rapid multiplication of microbes that sap the fountains of life by feeding upon the nutritive elements of the blood. Dr. B[illegible]linski, of Odessa, and several German pathologists claim to have identified the cholera germ in a minute organism, resembling a cluster of globes which separate and become the nuclei of new clusters. A more distinct parasite, the yellow fever microbe, resembles linked bunches of sugar cane sprouting out, separating and sending out new branches in all directions, but not with the fearful rapidity of the cholera germ, which often in less than two hours contrives to turn several gallons of blood into a turbid fluid resembling rice water.

Hindostan, that hotbed of contagious diseases, is as undoubtedly the birthland of the cholera microbe as of smallpox and ascetic religions. In some form or other cholera morbus is a chronic affliction of the Ganges valley, and the twelve years' interval of its epidemic outbreak has been fully explained by the mass meetings of pilgrims at the shrine of Hurdwar, where every twelfth year an enormous multitude of devotees crowd about a pond of holy water vaunted as a panacea for earthly afflictions which it certainly often cures on the Buddhist plan of ending the ills of life by the termination of life itself. Besides bathing and washing their clothes in the temple pond thousands—nay millions—of pilgrims complete the ceremonial by swallowing three or four pints of the sacred fluid and may escape the consequences by a timely return to a cool highland home, though a considerable percentage of the coast dwellers reach the land where microbes cease from troubling because their victims are forever at rest.

The assembly of a large number of patients in hospitals and crowded camps appears to aggravate the virulence of the disease. The percentage of fatal cases increases, and the spread of the epidemic becomes more rapid and irresistible, like a conflagration grown fierce by an abundance of fuel. On the comparatively thinly settled coast of Coromandel, where sporadic cases may occur at any time of the year the average of mortality rarely exceeds 30 per cent, while a thousand miles farther west in the crowded city region of central India the proportion of fatal cases rises to 50 and even 60 per cent—i. e., an average of six out of ten patients die within half a week after the appearance of the first symptoms. In Finland and Russia, climate and frugal habits saved three out of five patients. In Hamburg [illegible] out of 700 died in spite of first class medical assistance and strict enforcement of sanitary regulations, especially in respect to the control of the provision market.

It might indeed be doubted if the fruit and vegetable alarmists are not raising their line and cry on a wrong trail. Decayed vegetable substances are of course apt to prove injurious at any time, but it is equally certain that fresh fruit and well selected vegetables are the most appropriate summer diet and form the almost exclusive food of millions of our fellow men who enjoy a remarkable immunity from contagious diseases.

Climatic fevers, says a medical reformer, being summer diseases, could not very well be ascribed to the chief bugbear, cold air, but the antinaturalists still resolved to find an extraneous cause, have selected as their scapegoat the only kind of natural food and drink most Christians [illegible] in summer time—fruit and cold water. The police of fever stricken towns prohibit the sale of fresh fruit. Fever patients are kept in sweat boxes asking in vain for water and fresh air, illustrated almanacs implore us to fortify our constitutions with patent brandy, yet experience proves that the fruit eating natives of the American tropics and the frugal Arabs survive where the worshipers of beef and brandy die by thousands.

The most rigorous exclusion of fresh vegetables have [illegible] often failed to arrest the spread of cholera and the result of careful observations appears to confirm the theory of Dr. Pettigrew, of Bristol, who held that in [illegible] out of ten cases the contagion is propagated by the use of contaminated drinking water, the proximate [illegible] cases being the atmosphere [illegible] of disease germs derived from the decomposition of corpses and [illegible] sewerage.

In [illegible] where the purity of the water supply [illegible] the condition of rivers, open reservoirs [illegible] and other circum[illegible] the danger of [illegible] most inevitable but can be [illegible] the cooling it in a closed vessel [illegible] refrigerator. [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] with a thorough system of [illegible] and a liberal supply of ice and pure spring water would be practically cholera proof.

F. L. OSWALD, M. D.

EXCURSION RATE TO [illegible]
[illegible] Tickets good for 30 days. Office 16 N. [illegible]

FAT QUAKER OATS

STRONG AS A HORSE.
Oats makes strength for horses and men. Strong for yourself and your children in Quaker Oats, the best, purest and cheapest.

RAILROAD TIMETABLE

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.
[illegible] July [illegible]
GO [illegible] WEST
No. 1—California Fast Mail
No. 3—Trans[illegible] Express
No. 5—Colorado [illegible] New Mexico Through Ex[illegible]
No. [illegible]—Denver [illegible] ville Passenger
No. 9—Denver [illegible] Passenger
No. 11—Pueblo [illegible]
NORTH [illegible] EAST
No. 2—Trinad[illegible]
No. 4—Atlant[illegible]
No. 6—Colorado [illegible] Mexico Ex[illegible]
No. 8—Leadville [illegible] Passenger
No. 10—Pueblo and [illegible] Passenger
No. 12—St. Louis [illegible] Express
MANIT[illegible]
To Manitou [illegible] From Manitou
No. 33
No. 35
No. 37
No. 39
No. 41
No. 43
[illegible] at the depot at [illegible] 16 North Tejon. Parlor car [illegible] select their [illegible]. Baggage checked [illegible] palace sleepers. [illegible]
For full information call on or [illegible]
J. M. ELLISON [illegible] 16 North Tejon

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE
July 10, 1892.
North bound
No. 7 Kansas City to Denver
No. 603 Ogden to Denver
No. 3 Chicago to Denver
No. [illegible] La Junta to Denver
No. 601 Ogden to Denver
South and West-bound
No. 8 Denver to Kansas City
No. 602 Denver to Ogden
No. [illegible] Denver to La Junta
No. 6 Denver to Chicago
No. 604 Denver to Ogden
Trains Nos. 3 and 18 are solid [illegible] Denver and Chicago with [illegible] Pullman Palace sleeping cars and [illegible] chair cars and dining [illegible] at La Junta for New Mexico and [illegible] and at Burrton Kan. with trains [illegible] via St. Louis and San Francisco [illegible] at Newton Kan. for Galveston, [illegible]
Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run through [illegible] Kansas City
Trains Nos. 601, 602, 603 and 604 [illegible] Denver and all points [illegible] Midland and have Pullman [illegible] between Denver and Ogden, at the [illegible] junction with trains to [illegible]
Trains [illegible] and [illegible] the well [illegible] between Denver [illegible] carry free parlor cars and [illegible] tion at Pueblo to and from [illegible] La Junta connect with trains to [illegible] east and south. [illegible] sleeper line between Denver and [illegible] Burrton and St. Louis and San F[illegible] way, will be run on train 5, [illegible] train [illegible] east bound.
For tickets or information [illegible] 16 N. Tejon st.

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY
[illegible] July 10.
From West—North bound
No. 2 Ogden to Denver
No. 4 Ogden to Denver
No. 6 From Woodland Park
No. 8 From Florissant
No. 10 From Divide
West-bound
No. 1 Denver to Ogden
No. 3 Denver to Ogden
No. 5 To Florissant
No. 7 To Divide
No. 9 To Woodland Park
Stage for Cripple Creek [illegible] at Florissant and [illegible] Divide.
Through tickets to Cripple [illegible] Santa Fe depot, Tejon street [illegible] office in Opera House block.

GREAT ROCK ISLAND [illegible]
No. 14 Vestibule limited to Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph [illegible]
No. 16 Silver State Limited [illegible] Kansas City and St. Joe [illegible]
No. 12 [illegible] to Denver
No. 20 [illegible]
No. 13 Limited to Pueblo
No. 1[illegible]
No. 13 Vestibule Limited from [illegible]
No. 15 Fast [illegible] from [illegible]
No. 17 From Denver.
No. 19 From Denver.
Nos. 13 and 14 are solid [illegible] between Chicago and Colorado [illegible] Kansas City and St. Joseph [illegible] Through sleeper to St. Louis [illegible] route served in dining cars. [illegible] all points east and baggage [illegible] station at No. 12 Pike's Peak avenue [illegible] or Union depot telephone [illegible] tickets via principal steamship [illegible]
Ticket and [illegible]

DENVER, TEXAS & FT. WORTH
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
NORTH BOUND
No. 22 Denver Express
SOUTH BOUND
No. 22 Fort Worth Express
BRANCH TRAINS.
No. 19 Arrive from Denver
No. 21 Arrive from Pueblo
To connect with New York [illegible] Colorado [illegible] and Wednesdays at 11 30 a. m.
[illegible] with New York steamer [illegible] leave Colorado Springs [illegible] 11 30 a. m.
Through tickets to New York [illegible] and [illegible] Galveston and Morgan or Mallory [illegible] Baggage checked to destination [illegible] Steamers sail from New Orleans [illegible] and Saturdays from Galveston [illegible] Steamship tickets on sale to or from [illegible] countries via all principal lines.
For full information call or [illegible]
City Ticket Agent, No. 11 Pike's [illegible] Telephone No. 21

THE COLORADO SPRINGS RAPID TRANSIT [illegible]
TIME CARD.
MAIN [illegible] LINE.
Commencing at 6 am cars [illegible] avenue and Tejon street for [illegible] minutes until 10 45 p. m. Last car [illegible] for Colorado Springs at 11 30 [illegible]
CHEYENNE CANON [illegible]
Commencing at 5 55 am cars [illegible] and Tejon streets for Cheyenne [illegible] minutes until 5 55 pm. The next car [illegible] 7 55 and 8 55. Last car leaves [illegible] for Colorado Springs and [illegible]
ROSWELL LINE
Commencing at 6 am [illegible] and Tejon st. [illegible] for Roswell [illegible] until [illegible] The next [illegible] 00 at [illegible] south at [illegible]
UINTAH STREET AND [illegible]
Commencing at 6 am cars leave [illegible] and Tejon st. [illegible] for Uintah [illegible] until 9 25 pm. The [illegible] 9 15, 10 00, 10 [illegible] on [illegible] Uintah st. [illegible]
AUSTIN BLUFF LINE
[illegible] leave Huerfano and [illegible]
SPRUCE STREET [illegible]
Commencing at 7 10 am cars [illegible] and Tejon street for [illegible] every hour until 7 10 pm
Commencing at 6 40 am [illegible] Peak avenue and Tejon street [illegible] Hats and Bellevue Sanitarium [illegible]
[illegible] car will be at the [illegible] By [illegible] on the arrival of [illegible]

THE CRIPPLE CREEK STAGE [illegible] FERRY LINE.
Connects with all the Midland trains [illegible] for Cripple Creek [illegible]

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

not run in debt and puts away each year a little in the bank. Thus it happens that the New England farmers live tolerably well upon soil that was nearly worn out a hundred years ago—soil which would send western farmers pell mell into bankruptcy or over the hill to the poorhouse. Patience, thrift, economy, genius for making the most of everything, have enabled the New England farmers not only to live but to furnish the capital for building western railroads and for placing mortgages on western farms.

Nowhere in the world will one see a larger number of fine old [illegible] in proportion to population. When the New Englander gets well along in years his face takes on peculiar nobility of expression—dignity, intellectuality, the [illegible] that marks well [illegible]. The typical New Englander of [illegible] years has white side or chin whiskers, often both, ruddy complexion, [illegible] mouth and bright eyes. Very few of them wear glasses.

Even in Boston, where pork and beans and shortsightedness are supposed to go together, I doubt if you can find as many eye-glasses or spectacles as [illegible]. A higher average of middle aged [illegible] men you cannot find anywhere [illegible] little New England village or at the country crossroads where there are a [illegible] a post office, a general store, [illegible] churches, a blacksmith shop and [illegible] loon.

In the town hall is the [illegible] selectmen and [illegible] man in one of the New [illegible] ships. They tell me that [illegible] see real politics, [illegible] and intrigue it is [illegible] New England town [illegible] campaign [illegible] glory of being selectman [illegible] ther.

Not many young people are [illegible] rural New England [illegible] scarce. There are more girls than [illegible] but few of either. The young men are away to college, at work in the city or making a fortune in the west. The young women go to the manufacturing towns to work as operatives in the mills. [illegible] of them find employment at the seaside resorts waiting table in hotels during the season.

At Rye Beach my waitress was a handsome creature, so well educated, so modest and yet self reliant that when I heard of another recommendation for her, the fact that her father is a farmer whose estate will clean up $5,000—I wondered some of the unmarried young men didn't pay less attention to the butterflies of fashion and more to the farm mistress.

There is one thing about these New Englanders that I never noticed in any other people, and that is their high notions of commercial honor. In all this part of New England they tell me there is no such thing as a bad debt or collective league. Tradesmen are not ruined by trust, for the simple reason that ninety nine men out of a hundred who run accounts will settle them when due. To be pointed at on the street as a man who doesn't pay his bills is the depth of disgrace in New England. One may as well commit murder and be done with it.

Well ordered lives and orderly communities mark New England life. The young men of rural New England are steadier than those of western states—less inclined to drink or gamble. Almost universal is the aspiration for culture, and the universities, colleges and seminaries are crowded.

In the pigeon holes of a little country postoffice near Portsmouth I saw the postmaster place, when he distributed his mail, perhaps fifty of the high class magazines and reviews. So general is the use of good English in this region—even among waitresses, boatmen and stage drivers—that it was a genuine relief to hear one young fellow say to another at a country store, 'Waal, you did get a goll darned close shave, didn't you?'

ROBERT GRAVES.

An Engine Bewitched

[Special Correspondence.]

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The Erie has an engine which employees claim is bewitched. It is No. 398, and probably no machine on the line has a more eventful history.

The engine was constructed at the Susquehanna shops and is a model of beauty. On her first trip out, while oiling her cups, Engineer Brown fell and fractured his collar bone. A short time afterward she jumped the tracks near Adrian, crushing to death Engineer Stickley of Hornellsville.

For a few months all went well, and then she ran off an open switch in the Hornellsville yard, receiving severe injuries and injuring several employees.

A few months later, while drawing a passenger train, she left the bridge at the eastern terminus of the Binghamton yard, derailing three passenger coaches and bruising the occupants.

The other day the fatal machine again left the track a short distance west of Binghamton with No. 8, drawing the train for some distance on the ties and halting on the very verge of an embankment.

Railroad men have become imbued with the idea she is hoodooed, and the engine is now in the shops. G. C. RICHARDSON.

A Pine and Oak Tree

A singular freak of nature in the vegetable kingdom may be observed a short distance east of Ashburnham, on the Fitchburg railroad. The tree is of the size of a large apple tree and has a limb about eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. Persons have dug down and found but one root underneath, but it has two kinds of foliage, that of a pine and that of an oak, which may be distinctly seen from a distance. In the fall of the year burs fall on one side and acorns on the other.—Albany Journal.

Lake Dwellings in Ireland

Probably the first records of lake dwellings were made in Ireland, where this method of habitation has been in existence from remote periods to comparatively recent times. There is documentary evidence that some of the Irish crannogs were in existence and occupied in the time of Elizabeth. They were usually approached by canoes and were not connected with the shore by a gangway. In Scotland a large number of similar structures have been discovered.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Paste for Razor Strops.

The manufacturers of razor strops have always taken great care to keep secret the nature of the composition used in the manufacture of their special commodity. The material is now declared to be composed of coke ground to an impalpable powder, made into a paste with fat and perfumed with an ethereal oil.—New York Telegram.

The Way to Catch a Porcupine.

The porcupine climbs the tree as readily as a squirrel would, provided you don't slip up and cut his tail off while he is going up. Somehow or other he can't climb the tree without his tail, nor he won't come down without it. If you catch one of these porcupines climbing a tree and chop his tail off he will stop right where he is and will stay there until he starves to death unless he is taken away.—Philadelphia Times.

The Phonograph in a Hencoop

M. du Haudray, following the method of Professor Garnier's studies of the simian language, has carried his phonograph into the hencoop. He places it in one henhouse where the family are at home, and when the receiver has been cackled into for half an hour it is taken away and made to repeat all the gossip in a neighboring hencoop. The results of the experiments are said to be marvelous.—New York Journal.

Fuel in Furnace Ashes

The want of a ready method of dealing with ashes obtained from boiler fires or other source of heating power so as to extract the unconsumed fuel called [illegible] so that it could be used over again has long been felt. Thousands of tons of good fuel are daily thrown away for want of a ready method of cleansing it from the ashes with which it leaves the furnaces.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Thin Quarrel

Sunday School Superintendent—Tommy, can you tell me why the lions didn't eat Daniel when he was in their den?

Tommy—I guess it must er been, mister, 'cause he was like you an hadn't any meat on him.—Boston Courier.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

COVENT GARDEN AND ITS JOYOUS NEIGHBORHOOD.

Famous Inns of Old [illegible] Fights and [illegible] Absurds of To-day Rich and Mellow Memories Charmingly Recalled—The Market in Early Morning Hours—Interesting Types and Scenes.

[illegible]

[illegible] chambermaids are not eternal on ceaseless to a bit of innocent banter which after all anybody but a prude, a bore or a hypocrite at times truly enjoys.

And so from coming and going often these old Covent Garden inns have become a sort of home to me. Their associations, rich and mellow as the very wines they serve, have taken their place not only in my heart, while the market into which the windows of nearly all of them look, like Silas Wegg's Our House in "Mutual Friend," has become my market. Scores of its folk are my intimate friends, for you must know that most of them have easy all night ways with them, and you require no introduction whatever to get upon eating and drinking terms and into vows of lifelong intimacy with yokel, coster, porter and I was almost about to say the Prince of Wales himself.

That really human and clever man of the world often comes to Rule's, but a stone's throw from the market, where he makes a night of it peaceably and like a gentleman with the wits of the town, ending his frolic with forgivable diversion by arousing, jostling among the early porters, costers and greengrocers, and taking the badinage given and who come with royal philosophy and cheery good will. This large human leveling influence has always been peculiar to the Covent Garden district. It is still here as one of the best legacies of the mellow olden time.

What a host of rich associations crowd within this little Covent Garden district! Thackeray called it the "joyous neighborhood of Covent Garden," though it was scarcely known at the beginning of the Seventeenth century. From the middle of the Seventeenth to the middle of the Nineteenth century it was the best known rendezvous of authors, actors, painters, good fellows generally and substantial country squires and gentlemen visiting the town in London. In Russell Street, now chiefly given over to greengrocers and fruiterers, was the then social exchange, the English capital, the mart of its news, politics, scandal and wit.

In this one short thoroughfare stood the most noted coffee houses of the reigns of William III and Queen Anne, familiar to all conversant with the best English literature. Will's, "Button's" and Tom's were sacred to polite letters. All the English Sir Rogers de Coverley made these places their London address. Pepys and Evelyn, the historians, visited and lodged here.

"Will's," which stood at the west side of Bow Street and the north side of Russell Street, was the most ancient and noted of these resorts. Dryden's patronage and frequent appearance there made the reputation of the house. After the play the cream of those who knew London and when London knew gathered here for coffee, a pipe and their nightly gossip.

Addison and Steele were the most brilliant of the company to which the hospitable doors of "Button's" opened. "Button's" was on the north side of Russell Street. Addison's wife, the countess, was a lady of vinegary tastes and temper, and he gladly [illegible] much from her company for a place where the wit smelled more of wine. Button's is gone, but the picture will always remain as Steele painted it. "Dear Addison drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only worse in one ruffle for the wine." Gay and Prior and Pope were other famous frequenters of this resort.

"Tom's" stood at the corner of the Piazza. It was on the north side over against Button's. It was started in 176[illegible] by subscription. Its most famous frequenters were Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Moody, Foote, Sir Philip Francis and Dr. Johnson. Near "Tom's," at 8 Russell Street, was the book shop of Tom Davies, in whose tiny back parlor Boswell first met Dr. Johnson.

Then followed the era of famous Covent Garden taverns. There was Hummums, two doors from Button's, most comfortable of old London hostelries, sacred to the memory of "College Don" and country parson. It was from the Bedford Arms Hogarth and his friends set forth on that famous holiday jaunt to Gravesend, Rochester and Sheerness. The "Bedford Head" in Maiden Lane was the favorite retreat of journalists. Ancient Tavistock at its angle on the side of the market, dingy, mellow and confidential as when the century came in. [illegible] in St. Martin's Lane was the chief resort of military officers until supplanted by the United States Service Club. The Piazza Tavern, where Macklin had his old academy of Belles Lettres, was next to the Tavistock. The "Bedford Coffee House" and tavern was the great resort of actors. Of these Garrick, Quin, Foote, Murphy, Macklin, Fawcett, Churchill and John Philip Kemble will be best remembered.

Of the more noted Covent Garden resorts of the present time perhaps the most unique, something like the little Cobweb Hall in New York, is "Dick Hart's" at 9 Russell Street. It is practically an all night house for printers, reporters, night editors and men of the town, who drop in before daylight for a parting glass or cup of coffee. The costers and market porters resort here later in the day. Around in Maiden Lane is the Welsh House, former haunt of Dickens and the wits and epicures of his time. I have already mentioned Rule's, just off Southampton Street. It is the most famous oyster house of London, and the occasional presence of the Prince of Wales brings to the place every swell and nobleman of the great metropolis, while on the eastern side of the market is the National Sporting Club and the Pelican Club. The former was the notorious Evans' Rooms of an earlier date. In these two clubhouses occur the greatest glove fights of Britain.

If you are stopping at one of these inns overlooking the market you are certain to be awakened by the stir in the rising hum of the place, which begins at or after midnight with the first arrival of the carts of produce from the country. It has [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Her father took his place [illegible] and Fritz the [illegible] is still here [illegible].

An hour or so among the porters, costers and countrymen will prove of extraordinary interest. One most interesting place is reached on the [illegible] side of the market, where at the foot of mountains of cabbages and pyramids of melons and hampers you will find several hundred pea shellers squatting [illegible] peas and shelling away with marvelous dexterity. They are nearly all women, fat and [illegible] or scrawny and lean. As the peas rattle into baskets or pans, the shellers keep up a fire of banter among each other and upon all passers, their sides shaking with laughter as some well directed sally calls forth a querulous retort. They receive one penny per quart for shelling the peas, and each woman will earn from eight to twelve pence during five hours' work in the early morning. Their labor over, they drink and fight merrily during the remainder of each day.

The two most interesting places, aside from portions for character study, to be found in the market are undoubtedly in the fruit and flower arcades. The flowers are in such abundance and variety that one wonders if even in London a sale can be found for them all. Yet the flower market is the very first to be wholly cleared of its contents. The flowers are crammed together in such dense masses that one might almost walk upon them. Asters of all colors and of luxuriant growth are the most plentiful and striking. Roses, stocks, [illegible], beautiful bundles of heath, the hibiscus, lobelia, pinks, carnations, dahlias, [illegible], marigolds, calceolarias and splendid fuchsias charm and intoxicate and contrast strangely with all else in this dreadful place.

Of the lusciousness and variety of fruits here exposed Americans have no adequate idea. The general understanding with us is that we are far more fortunate than the English in these regards. Yet I saw here scores of varieties of English and French grapes, peaches, [illegible] glossy nectarines, scarlet and brown downy apricots fresh [illegible] the sun, [illegible] plums, luscious greengages, Orleans plums and [illegible] pears from the Channel Islands and the South of France, [illegible] pineapples in endless varieties, the [illegible] and late strawberries [illegible] in tempting bouquets, ranging from tenpence to a shilling apiece.

By 9 o'clock the market is drowsy and still. The surrounding streets have been swept and washed. Stallmen are busy counting up losses or gains. A few costers with carts or handbarrows are waiting in the open spaces for bargains in unsold loads. All that is left of the din of the morning are the roistering echoes of bacchanal songs in the near resorts of porters, costers and peas shellers, where, half maudlin, they decry the tyranny of capital and drink "four ale" the whole day long.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Big Oxen.

The largest ox that history [illegible] that we have seen any record of was what was known as the centennial ox. He was exhibited at the centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. He was bred by Samuel Bailey of Somerset county, Pa., and was the biggest specimen of the bovine tribe that has ever seen. He weighed 4,300 pounds the day he arrived in Philadelphia. He was of mixed stock, being Shorthorn, native scrub and Ayrshire, the Shorthorn predominating. After the close of the exhibition the great ox was butchered and exhibited as meat at Philadelphia during the holidays of 1876.

A Shorthorn steer weighing 4,100 pounds was slaughtered at Detroit in 1874. A. N. Meal of [illegible], Mo., formerly owned the largest cow in the world. Mr. Meal disposed of her [illegible], the Cole Circus company being the purchaser. She weighed the day of sale 3,2[illegible] pounds. Mr. John Pratt of [illegible], Kan., was the owner of a cow weighing [illegible] pounds. She was of [illegible] and stood nineteen hands high [illegible].

A Lawyer Humorist

The late Mr. Edward [illegible] Karslake was an inimitable lawyer [illegible] he made a great name if he had [illegible] his work seriously. But this was just what he was unable to do. His love of humor was almost greater than his desire to achieve a forensic victory. This failing somewhat irritated the judges, who also knew [illegible] classical [illegible] which he introduced into the driest and most technical cases with a cleverness which even they were wont to acknowledge. In opening a case before the late Vice Chancellor Hall he said [illegible]

The [illegible] lord [illegible] short [illegible] which the judge [illegible] end of Mr. Karslake's [illegible] speech [illegible] John Karslake. He was a very tall man and related how a reporter described [illegible] the attorney [illegible] John Karslake [illegible] great [illegible] to reply.—London Tit-Bits.

Antiquity of Death Masks.

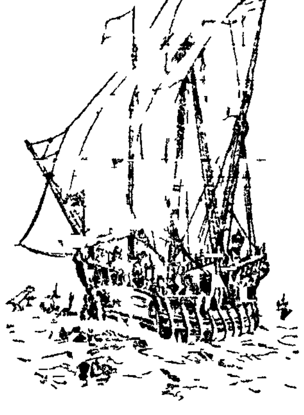
Although there is no mention of death masks [illegible], recent explorers have satisfied themselves that in the early burials of all nations it was the custom to cover the heads and bodies of the dead with sheets of [illegible] which took the impress of the form and [illegible] frequently when in the course of centuries the embalmed flesh had shriveled or fallen away the gold retained the exact cast of the features. Schliemann found a number of bodies covered with large masks of gold plate in repousse work, several of which have been reproduced by means of engraving in his "Mycenae," and he asserts that there can be no doubt whatever that each one of these is a reproduction of the likeness of the deceased person whose face it covered.—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

FAMED SANTA MARIA

COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP COMPARED WITH MODERN SAILING VESSELS

The Wonder to the Mariner of Today Is How the Navigator Crossed the Ocean in His Little Caravel—A Facsimile for the World's Fair.

Spain is now in the midst of a series of fetes in [illegible] of the discovery of America, which will last till late in October. [illegible] August [illegible] Palos, the port [illegible] of all the sights [illegible] production of the flagship of Columbus, the Santa Maria. [illegible] Among the sailors in the [illegible] there was a loud chorus of astonishment and unbelief. Almost [illegible] declare that [illegible] done the thing—it was [illegible]



THE NEW SANTA MARIA.

It is indeed hard to believe that the little caravel of 90 tons at the outside could have made such a voyage, and when one compares it with the large sailing vessel of today he may well be incredulous. With the achievements of [illegible] and practical science we are tolerably familiar, but the fact then (though sailing vessels antedate written history, the progress therein since 1492 is as great as in anything else) comes to one as a great surprise. Compare the little Santa Maria with, for instance, the magnificent Shenandoah, the American four masted bark and queen of all sailing vessels, which a few months ago went from San Francisco to Liverpool with 5,002 tons of wheat on board.

Consider first the big sailer. The Shenandoah, commanded by Captain Murphy, was one of the five which left the Bay of San Francisco last year on the famous race around the Horn. They sailed at high tide of necessity, as they drew twenty-seven feet of water. The weight of wheat on board, 5,002 tons, was the greatest cargo of the kind ever placed in a vessel and equivalent to 166,733 bushels, or the crop of an average agricultural county. An adequate description of the Shenandoah would fill a column. Sailer as she is, she "makes sail by steam," as sailors say—that is, the sails are pulled into place by a little donkey engine, and of all glorious sights to the seaman's eye there is none more glorious than to see her swell from bare poles to full rig of snowy sails in less than five minutes.

The Santa Maria might have been placed on the deck of the Shenandoah without adding perceptibly to her weight of cargo. She was a decked vessel, and while the Spanish historians do not deal in exact measurements they are so minute in details of her capacity that her size is known. Captain Gustavus V. Fox, after a very careful calculation, declares that her length was "63 feet over all and 57 feet along her keel," with 20 feet beam and 10½ feet in depth. Her crew consisted of fifty seamen, and in the list are found the names of one Englishman and one Irishman. It is really a pity that this list is not certainly authentic. It would be interesting to know the name of the first Irish emigrant to America. This historic vessel was wrecked on Christmas eve, 1492, on the coast of Hispaniola, a calamity due to the gross carelessness of the sailing master.

Small as she was, her consorts, the Pinta and the Nina, were considerably smaller, being mere barks, called caravels, without decks, unless the high prow and stern may be so called. In the

THE SHENANDOAH.

center such a vessel was absolutely open and in no respect superior to the fishing craft and other light coasting vessels of today. That men should have been willing to dare the passage of the stormy Atlantic in such craft gives us a high idea of their courage, and as a matter of fact only Columbus, Las Casas, the Pinzons and two or three other [illegible] enthusiasts were willing. The crew consisted chiefly of desperate characters compelled to take the trip. Many were released from prison to go, and some had been condemned to death and volunteered as a bare chance for life.

Our astonishment is but slightly mitigated when we read that Columbus did not ask for large vessels, for there were many in the Spanish ports larger than these. He firmly believed that the voyage would be comparatively short and the sea while he was going always smooth, and he particularly requested such vessels as would enable him to run close in along the shores and sail up the rivers. On his third voyage, when he actually reached South America, he complained of the size of his vessel, which rendered coast exploration difficult.

The Spanish authorities declare that the Santa Maria of 1892 is an exact reproduction in every detail of that of 1492. It has the same old fashioned shape, the same primitive masts, riggings and sails and even the same armament of falconets and mortars, halberds and arquebuses. The cabin of the commander is furnished in the style of the Fifteenth century, and its table is littered with maps, documents and nautical instruments of the period. Finally, its mastheads are decorated with the royal standards of Castille and Leon in exact imitation of the flags which Columbus planted in the New World on Oct. 12, 1492. The vessel is manned by an excellent crew, obtained from among the fishermen and sailors of Cadiz and San Fernando, and placed under the orders of a detachment of officers of the royal navy.

At the opening of the Spanish fetes on Aug. 3, the war vessels of all nations were at Huelva to salute the new Santa Maria on her first voyage down the river, and she returned out the Bay of Cadiz was greeted by deafening salvos. As there was almost a dead calm, however, she had to be taken in tow by a gunboat, which marred the representation somewhat. Later, however, she sailed out beautifully on the route taken by Columbus, and returned to receive renewed salutes. At this naval congress of nations the fact was humorously commented on that Columbus took with him for interpreter a scholar who knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic and Armenian in addition to Spanish, that this learned gentleman was a failure in the New World, and that the first to master any of the Indian tongues were the most illiterate sailors. But this is another [illegible] experience.

J. H. BEADLE.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

She Wrote the Ode for the Columbus Day Celebration.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the descendant of a long line of New England families, was born at Henniker, N. H. In early life she became a contributor to the best literary publications, and published a volume of poems, mostly patriotic, which gave her a leading place among American poets. After traveling extensively in the east she wrote "A [illegible]" [illegible] style which has become a classic.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Her later poems have been slowly produced, but are everywhere held to be masterpieces of art and among the strongest voices of patriotism in our literature. She lives much of the time in Boston and at Framingham, Mass.

Miss Proctor was honored by the committee of the popular Columbus Day celebration soliciting her to write the ode which is to be rendered in every locality of America on Oct. 21. The lyric is the result of months of labor, and will take permanent rank as one of the foremost poems ever written on America.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION

He Recommends the General Observance of Columbus Day on Oct. 21.

Whereas, by a joint resolution, approved June 29, 1892, it was resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, "That the president of the United States be authorized and directed to issue a proclamation recommending to the people the observance in all their localities of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, on the 21st of October, 1892, by public demonstrations and by suitable exercises in their schools and other places of assembly."

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, in pursuance of the aforesaid joint resolution, do hereby appoint Friday, Oct. 21, 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, as a general holiday for the people of the United States. On that day let the people, so far as possible, cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life.

Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and enlightenment. The system of universal education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the center of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every school house in the country and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship.

In the churches and in the other places of assembly of the people let there be expressions of gratitude to divine Providence for the devout faith of the discoverer, and for the divine care and guidance which have directed our history and so abundantly blessed our people.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

Benj Harrison

By the President. JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State.

Parrots a Source of Pleasure.

There was a time when parrots were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred, and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup to which the natives are partial, while the naturalist waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie.

But in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honor in our households, and a well behaved "pretty Poll," who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.—Strand Magazine.

Why He Could Not Attend

An amusing instance of the expedients resorted to by men summoned to attend as common jurymen in order to avoid serving in that capacity occurred recently. One morning a little girl whose eyes just peered above the desk timidly exclaimed:

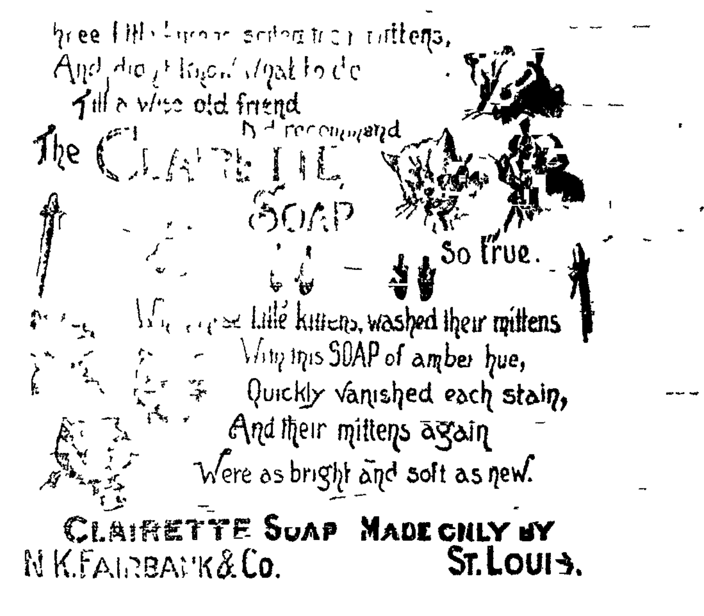
"Please sir, father can't come, he can't put on his boots."

The judge asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated. Evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the judge's eyes said:

"Well, sir, father don't wear boots, he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all."—London Tit-Bits.

Didn't Mean Exactly That.

Mr. William Winter, in his thoughtful and witty address on the higher education recently delivered in Staten Island, recalled a comical remark made to him last summer in one of the western islands of Scotland. It was uttered by a pious lady who was extolling the marvelous oratorical powers of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. "That preacher, it appeared, had arrived at a place where he was to speak, and had pleaded a headache as a reason for not speaking; but no substitute could be found, and the famous orator was compelled to ascend the pulpit. 'And if you could only have heard him,' said this enthusiastic admirer, 'you wouldn't have thought he had a pain in his head or anything else!'"—New York Tribune.



Three little kittens soiled their mittens,
And didn't know what to do
Till a wise old friend
Did recommend
The CLAIRETTE SOAP
So true.
When these little kittens washed their mittens
With this SOAP of amber hue,
Quickly vanished each stain,
And their mittens again
Were as bright and soft as new.

CLAIRETTE SOAP MADE ONLY BY
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I offer choice Business Properties.
I offer choice Residence Properties in all parts of the city.
I offer choice Unimproved Properties,

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST

Among which are many desirable bargains. Anyone wishing to in[illegible] should not fail to give me a call.

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I have the following sums to loan now: [illegible]
One of the best double Offices in the city; best location [illegible] floor of No. [illegible] Pike's Peak avenue. Cheap to good permanent tenant.

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DENVER, COLORADO.

Conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.
This institution affords every facility for obtaining a thorough
Classical, Scientific and English Education
Situated on a beautiful knoll about fifteen minutes ride by [illegible] it receives the full benefit of the healthful and life-giving breezes that [illegible] the sanitarium of the United States. The grounds [illegible] the prospect is one of lakes and mountains and [illegible] to the physical development of the students. Catalogue [illegible]

WANTED: SECOND-HAND GOODS!

Will exchange new goods or pay cash.
Do you want to sell your furniture? See me to get highest price.
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Highest price secures the goods. Small profits sell them.

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
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Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Approved Business Paper Di[illegible]
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Easiest and fastest writing machine made. For 15 years the [illegible] [illegible] in use. Write for catalogue and testimonials. [illegible] linen paper and typewriter supplies. We make no charge for [illegible]
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TWO FRONT OFFICES
each containing a large fire and burglar proof vault,

IN THE GAZETTE BUILDING.

FRED F. HORN, LAPIDIST, 15 [illegible] AVENUE,
Manufacturer and Patentee of the Latest and Best Thing in Souvenir Spoons in the State

MY SAINT.

My saint is a saint that few may know
In all that she does for de sinners below;
She is fair as faithful and faithful as fair,
With a halo encircling her beautiful hair.

She is full of wiles and moods as an elf,
And yet is the spirit of truth itself,
And well for him who his burden can bear
In the light of the halo playing her hair

Her face is a mirror where [illegible] may read
The truth that inspires her, thought and deed
Her life is a life of devotion and care,
And she has a halo about her [illegible]

Her care is for others and not for herself
And naught she [illegible] of profit or pelf
Enough for her that [illegible] soul is won,
And she knows not her halo is bright as a sun

All things she does from the splendid love
That comes to her here from a power above
And I who [illegible] her can hardly dare
To [illegible] her hair.
—Walter H. Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

AN EPISODE OF PHILADELPHIA

A TRUE STORY

[illegible]

Woe unto the [illegible] ... [illegible] may [illegible] large [illegible] ... upon his humor the weal or woe of the employes. The firm of Barleycorn & Son, owning the largest and oldest ale brewery in the United States resembled a miniature kingdom. The small unassuming brick building situate on one of the short narrow streets near Independence hall precluded an anticipation of the extensiveness of the business. The old fashioned front windows of the ground floor protected by portable shutters [illegible] with what were once white marble window sills long since grey with age—and the tightly closed green shutters of the second gave the house a deserted appearance. On the lower floor was the counting house and on the upper though now unoccupied had been the residence of the original Barleycorns father and son. To be impressed with the vast dimensions of this business one had to step inside of the roomy gateway, in the rear of which there was a large yard paved with cobblestones. Surrounding this yard on three sides there were immense stone buildings towering high above the modest brick which guarded the entrance. Here were the brewing cooling filling and storage departments the malt house, the stables and in short everything incidental to such an industry. The two, who had given the firm its name, Prewitt and Peter Barleycorn were dead. Both had worked incessantly and from small beginnings to give the business its present extent. The former lived to a ripe old age, the latter, while yet in the prime of life fell through an open and unguarded hatchway in the storehouse and was instantly killed. His mangled remains, which were brought into the presence of his wife without any previous warning, made such a horrible impression upon her that she could not live in the old house any longer. Whilst the business was being carried on by a manager appointed by the orphan's court, she and her 15-year-old boy Frank removed to a comfortable little cottage near George's Hill in Fairmont Park, which had been presented to her by her father in law as a wedding gift and which she and her husband had heretofore only occupied during the hot summer months. The green shutters which so jealously guarded the windows of the old brick were now only opened when it was deemed necessary to air the rooms and dust the furniture the widow never visited the rooms again.

When Mrs. Barleycorn fled the house and its terrible memory she thought more of herself than the future of her son. The atmosphere in which he grew up was little calculated to make a man like his father and grandfather of him. The examples before him were not industry and work which lead to wealth but luxury and pleasure so accessible to the rich. It was not necessary for the widow to worry about the material future of her son. This was not only secured by the prosperity of the business but by a snug fortune which the founders of the same had invested in gilt edge securities. Although Mrs Barleycorn had turned her back upon the old house and lived in West Philadelphia enjoying her riches she had never imagined the future of her son otherwise than that he would upon attaining his majority assume control of the firm's business and carry it on in an honorable manner. And Frank grew up indulged by his mother, uncontrolled in his inclinations without constraint to earnest endeavor. Even during his so called apprenticeship with an old friend of the family the head of a large mercantile house his many shortcomings were looked upon as of no consequence.

At the age of 21 by the desire of his mother Frank assumed control of the business which had since his father's death been carried on successfully by the manager appointed by the court. His mother had hoped that by thus making him independent of her it would awaken in him a spirit of self reliance a sense of the grave responsibility resting upon him and develop him into a thorough man of business. But even the honor to be the head of such an immense concern affected the young man but little. The old business house in the heart of the city did not become to him the home that it had been for his father and grand father. He did not feel comfortable among the noise of labor which resounded through the yard a feeling of timidity and anxious oppression seemed to overcome him when he left one of the main thoroughfares to turn into the little side street in which his business was located. He was not actually frivolous or giddy but the luxury to which he had been accustomed for so many years had captivated his senses. He was tempted and drawn on by the cheerful fellowship of [illegible] and [illegible] circles the glare of footlights in theaters and concert saloons the excitement of the gaming table and the [illegible] longing for enjoyment characteristic of [illegible] with plenty of money. Opinion differed [illegible] of the young chief of Barleycorn & Son according to [illegible] information was [illegible] in the social world [illegible] to the highest praise which was [illegible] Frank Barleycorn was not a man [illegible] rather good natured than otherwise never [illegible] manner of spending money was free from that [illegible] display [illegible] But [illegible] in the old reputable and substantial circle of trade resulted in a far different answer. Generally it was a mere shrugging of the shoulders, a simple [illegible], but one that can be [illegible] significantly deprecatory. By talkative [illegible] dubbed as [illegible] who did not interest himself in his business, malicious tongues denounced him as a blockhead, with no knowledge of business and both agreed in the belief that the firm under the management of its young chief, was going backwards instead of forwards, being already surpassed by newer houses, and that it was then only living upon the good repute gained by Frank Barleycorn's predecessors.

The retrogression of the firm could not be denied by Frank himself it was too apparent in every yearly balance sheet it was noticeable constantly in little irregularities in the complaints of customers of carelessness and lack of punctuality in the redemption of commercial obligations some of which had been entered into even during the lifetime of his grandfather. But Frank never thought of attributing the cause of all this to himself nor did he seek it in his new manager, Mr Bowlow, who [illegible] indispensable by the manner in which he knew how to relieve his principal of all active participation in the business. Frank furthermore sought no reasons for the palpable decline of his business. "Competition has become too formidable" was the answer Mr Bowlow had given him, and he adopted it as satisfactory regardless of the fact that with competition the field of labor had also grown. Had it not been for a sense of shame to face his mother with such a proposition he would have sold or dissolved the business and lived entirely according to his inclinations though as to these it already began to tire him to promenade Chestnut street an hour or so daily to attend every first night at the theaters to spend an hour every evening at the Cafe Finelli listening to the idle gossip of the day as discussed by society dandies. He had somewhat unconsciously, been drawn into this vortex of fashionable idleness from which however, it must truthfully be said, he derived no real pleasure. Regarding his business, he imagined that he had fulfilled his whole duty towards it by driving to the office once in awhile and inquiring of his manager whether there was anything new. Mr Bowlow was clever enough, seldom to know anything. No wonder Frank Barleycorn presented a wearied countenance as he stepped from his elegant coupe on a dreary November evening of the year 1879 just before the close of the clerical department, and entered the old business house. The clerks bowed their heads over their respective desks, the manager received his principal with servile salutation and accompanied him into the private office, gathering up as he went a handful of letters which he knew his chief would decline to inspect with the customary "You do that dear Bowlow."

Frank Barleycorn hastily scanned the mail matter accumulated before him selected his own private letters, put them in the pocket of his overcoat which he had not even removed and stepped in front of the mirror to more tastefully arrange a strongly scented button hole bouquet which adorned his frock coat. He had agreed to be one of a party which had engaged a proscenium box for that evening at the Walnut street theater where a clever comedienne from New York was to make her first appearance. Chafing with impatience "There is nothing farther dear Bowlow, or have you anything more on your mind?"—he said. The person addressed knew by the manner of the speaker that it was his desire to terminate the interview. But as anxious as the wily manager usually was to stimulate his principal's disinterestedness in the business he knew on the other hand that his own wishes never met with readier approval than at times when young Barleycorn seemed to be in a hurry. And Mr Bowlow after slight hesitancy, said in a mellow voice, whose tone seemed to pray for indulgence because the principal was being bothered with such a bagatelle.

"We ought to dismiss Driver Truex, Mr. Barleycorn, he has of late been guilty of several irregularities, and yesterday he was again reported by a policeman because he would not clear the track for a street car and almost caused a collision which might have resulted in serious damage. The man has apparently become addicted to drink."

Barleycorn fumbled with his boquet, gave his white cravat a twist and carelessly stripped a yellow Jouvin over his left hand without apparently being interested by Bowlow's communication. "My dear Bowlow you know that you are to use your own discretion in all these trifles. Get rid of the person, I cannot use drunkards in my business."

—Bowlow made a salaam.

"I will notify him to day that his services will not be required after the first."

"Very well, very well, dear Bowlow," nodded Barleycorn and reached for hat and cane. "Perhaps I won't be here to-morrow. I have been invited to join a fox hunt. See that everything is O K. Good evening."

Bowlow courtesied in his usual manner. Barleycorn left the office, entered his coupe bound for the theater and before the horses started he had forgotten his business, Bowlow and Driver Truex. As he entered the box greeted by clamorous acquaintances, as he glanced over the brightly illuminated auditorium containing so many pretty and interesting ladies adorned with costly opera cloaks, sparkling jewels, rustling fans and saw so many famous or at all events well known men then it was that his breast began to swell with pride and [illegible] glory in the fact that he belonged to this band of the select a part of whose prerogative it was to determine the success or failure of every new play. [illegible] was one of the French so[illegible] [illegible] A brutal [illegible] rentier who insisted that his only [illegible] daughter of a [illegible] nobleman whilst the son had fallen in love with the very poor portier's [illegible] daughter to whom he promised [illegible] everlasting fidelity.

[illegible] word left the house [illegible] purse proud father married his beloved by industry and economy amassed a fortune and finally became [illegible] to his father after the latter [illegible] through the machinations of the [illegible] nobleman lost the bulk of his wealth. Upon the [illegible] of the first act everybody anticipated how the play would wind its way through touching love [illegible] couplets and bad jokes to the [illegible]. The play, which had been mutilated by [illegible] of its spice, so that it might [illegible] offend the prud[illegible] of a Philadelphia audience, would have [illegible] a total failure had it not been for the extraordinary efforts of the leading comedian and the vivacious "debutante," whom [illegible] were the brave portier and his charming "fille," respectively.

Frank Barleycorn, soon tired of the performance turned to the audience among whom his searching glance sought familiar faces. He probably would have lost all interest for the stage had it not been for a remarkable confusion of ideas that during the closing scene of the second act caused Bowlow and Truex to appear before him. In this scene the rentier discovered the intrigue between his son and the portier's daughter and thereupon dismisses the portier family from his employ and orders them to immediately quit his premises. The portier took advantage of this opportunity to deliver a fulminatory harangue against the rich in general and his employer in particular and finally singing a couplet with wife and daughter bows himself out.

Barleycorn vainly said to himself that there was no similarity between himself and the hard hearted rentier and that his dismissed driver was not a jolly good fellow like this portier, but a drunkard who endangered the lives of passengers in the street cars. He could not banish Truex from his thoughts. Whilst he had previously only been bored he was now positively irritated and did not regain his equanimity even after having aided in delivering a few energetic bravos which greeted the closing scene.

Though the supper, of which he and his companions partook at the club, was excellent, it did not have the effect of diverting his mind from Truex, to the contrary that individual was constantly bobbing up before him and like Banquo's ghost would not down. Barleycorn was not subject to hallucinations, yet he would have sworn that every time he touched a g[illegible] of champagne to his lips old Truex sneeringly exclaimed, "Here's luck." It fairly aggravated him to be unable to shake off this odious individual and an invitation from his companions to join "a drinking ditty" was very churlishly declined. He supp[illegible] the excitement incident to gambling would flood his thoughts into a different channel, but after every bill he staked and lost he imagined he heard a malignant chuckle from Truex and the money he lost did not vex him so much as this mirthful contumely. Even towards morning when at the Cafe Finelli he was trying to stupefy a revolutionary stomach with a pousse cafe he found he had been followed by his unwelcome guest. He was almost frantic because he could not drive him off. What worried him most was that while the specter resembled no one in particular and conveyed to his mind no definite form or features yet he intuitively knew it to be Truex. So he wondered what that person looked like, how old he was, how long he had been in the firm's employ, whether he had a family to support. He made up his mind to become acquainted with his employes in the future in order to avoid at least a recurrence of the desire to indulge in such subtile and trifling injuries.

Barleycorn could stand this no longer, he threw a coin to the garcon, grabbed hat and overcoat and in spite of the protests of his companions who [illegible] him they would accompany him in a few minutes, rushed outdoors into the foggy morning. There he hesitated a moment whether to ride or walk and concluded the latter would do him good after the sleepless night and the experiences to which he had been subjected. The numerous gas jets on Broad street were already beginning to look dim and lost in the early dawn of morning as he started up towards the Masonic temple and the sounds of his steps found an echo behind him in those of the lamplighter who was extinguishing light after light. He walked so fast that when he reached Ridge avenue he was exhausted, so he got into a cab and directed the driver to take him home. Upon approaching the Girard avenue bridge bedecked with its quadruple line of highly colored and richly ornamented candelabra, the old feeling had mastered him again, so he dismissed the cab and started to walk home. He did not feel easier in mind until he had crossed the bridge and saw before him the zoological garden, whose leafless trees rose phantomlike aloft from fog and dawning day. His nearest way home would have been straight out Girard avenue, but he dreaded meeting anyone. While he was thus hesitating which way to go it suddenly struck him that the idle shiftless life he was leading was really useless and unproductive and that the company with which he had spent the night could not have been more insipid and dull had it been brought together with a view of making a display of those unenviable characteristics. His meditation was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a workman. A man with a weatherbeaten countenance in neat blouse and overalls, carrying a folded cloth containing tools that showed him to be a stonemason.

"He lives in the hollow to the left," thought Barleycorn as he saw him coming, "rents are cheap there—probably works on the new church which is being built near Girard college. Quite a walk for one who must work hard all day."

But the comparison for the man of labor vanished as the latter in passing by seemed to measure him from head to foot with very apparent scorn. Barleycorn was fully aware what the workman meant to convey to the well dressed dandy by his looks but sullenly argued that the workman himself would hardly have been any different had he been born as Frank Barleycorn. This sullen emotion did not hinder him however from examining his own appearance and when he noticed an ugly claret spot on his cravat, which had probably been spilt by an unsteady hand clinking glasses with him he buttoned up his overcoat and turned up its collar though he felt warm after the brisk walk across the bridge. Neither could he [illegible] a slight blush as he hastily stepped to the right into one of those beautiful paths abounding in Fairmount park. After passing several diminutive lakes upon which floated golden autumn leaves, he reached a piece of thicket one side of which bordered on the Schuylkill river which could be seen here and there glimmering through the trees like streaks of silver. [illegible] he was alone; only a wee brown squirrel on [illegible] his path and the only sound that greeted him [illegible] the [illegible] of the morning [illegible] gently through the [illegible] which skirted the curve of the river.

Barleycorn did not notice whither he was slowly wending his way and not until his further progress was obstructed by a giant oak did he realize that he had strayed from the path. Around this, several centuries old, king of the forest, a rustic bench had been placed so that here in the summer time was a quiet, secluded nook for rest to those who sought solitude. At this season of the year, however, the spot was not enticing and Barleycorn was about to retrace his steps when a noise behind the tree induced him to step aside so that he might see whence it came. And what he saw so petrified him with astonishment that he stood as if rooted to the spot. Upon the bench stood a man of herculean figure, whose uncovered perfectly gray hair hung in unkempt and confused masses about his forehead. Suppressing an exclamation of rage at a previous failure he was now trying to throw a rope over the lowest limb of the oak. Barleycorn instantly realized that he had come at the right moment to save this person from committing self destruction and that fact so startled him that he involuntarily cried out upon which the would be suicide suddenly turned towards him. The two looked into each others eyes for a full second and during this pause Barleycorn was filled with consternation. And no wonder, the features of this being became distorted as with brutish triumph and in his eyes flashed a demoniacal fire and suddenly springing to the ground, like a bird of prey, he seized Barleycorn by the throat. "Thou dog thou extortioner, thou must accompany me to eternity," was yelled into his ears, and a struggle for life and death began between them.

Barleycorn's advantage in years enabled him to overcome his strange antagonist, he succeeded in loosening the old man's fingers from his throat, in pushing him back upon the bench and there holding him with strong arms. The old man panted in utter exhaustion.

"You may let go of me, Mr Barleycorn," he said revengedly. "I will go to the police station with you of my own accord. Whether one sin be added to the other it will amount to the same thing."

Barleycorn well saw, that he had nothing further to fear, and at the same time he became aware that his encounter had not been with a maniac but with one who bore him the most deadly hatred.

"How do you come to know me, scoundrel, and what have I ever done to you that you should seek to murder me?" asked Barleycorn.

"Certainly, you do not remember me," said the old man bitterly, "and yet I have faithfully served the firm of Barleycorn & Son for forty years. When you were a small boy it was a picnic for you when you were permitted to come to me in the stable, and you would not [illegible] begging [illegible] Truex, lift me on the horse,' until you sat there and laughed with joy and played with the whip."

Barleycorn startled as if threatened by a stroke of lightning.

"You are the driver, Truex?"

"The same, whom you dismissed yesterday" said the old man. "Or have you forgotten that too, Mr Barleycorn? Dismissed like a dog, after I had grown old and gray in the service of your house. And why? Because a policeman reported me!" The old man laughed bitterly. "That isn't true, Mr Barleycorn, I will tell you why I was dismissed. Because an honest man is not wanted in your house any more because your Mr Bowlow can abide no one near him who notices what is going on and because you yourself have become too high toned to look after anything! And now take me to the police station and denounce me for assault to kill—it is a penitentiary offense, and to my wife it will make no difference whether I am found dangling on this tree or in a striped jacket." Barleycorn struggled against being confronted with the truth. "You were dismissed Truex," he replied, "because Mr Bowlow told me that you were a drunkard. And he was right, or do you deny that you were full last night?" Barleycorn disdainfully kicked an empty whisky flask which was lying on the ground as an accompaniment to his words. But this did not seem to abash Truex.

"Very well Mr Barleycorn I did drink" he replied "but I am no drunkard. Pray do you walk the streets all night in despair, wouldn't you drink, too, not whisky, but champagne perhaps both. But ask my wife whether she ever saw me drunk. After you have seen her tell me whether I would ever dare to go home intoxicated. She would make home so hot for me that my first experience in that line would be my last."

Barleycorn was forced to smile when he heard the herculean driver Truex so respectfully of his wife.

"I will believe you Truex" he said, "I may have done you wrong and I forgive you for having clutched at my throat. But you mustn't fear starvation, even though you have lost your job and it was a crime which you attempted to commit here."

Truex nodded his head.

"One doesn't fear starvation with such arms as these Mr Barleycorn. But a place cannot be secured readily when one has been dismissed as summarily as I have been and when has grown old. And then there is the despair when such a thing happens to a person the despair can put evil thoughts in one's head. Men in my station also have a [illegible] of honor, Mr Barleycorn you may believe me."

Barleycorn had in the meantime picked up a rope which was lying on the ground, and was forcing it into an overcoat pocket.

"If you wish to take [illegible] corpus delicti I believe so they term it, to the police, I may as well carry it for you," said Truex.

But Barleycorn offered the old man his hand. Within him there had been a struggle going on between good and evil and the former had won the victory.

"We will let the police rest," he said, "we have just seen that we can get along together without them. Besides we used never talk to each other, not to others about our strange meeting but you must favor me with the rope Truex I would like to have a bell cord made of it, to be placed near my desk in the counting house. And this afternoon you will resume your job I will hunt you up in the stable again sometime."

Truex grasped the tendered hand, in the countenances of both men there was a peculiar twitching. When they separated the red autumn sun had worked its way through the morning fog the new sun under which [illegible] of Barleycorn & Son again rose joyfully. The chief Mr Frank Barleycorn had become a man.

THE EARTH MUST DIE

An Illustration Showing That the Solar System Will Eventually Expire.

Consider a flywheel [illegible] driven by a weight [illegible] wheels and [illegible] of the [illegible] ... experiment [illegible] run down [illegible] weight and giving the [illegible] renewed [illegible]

The solar system [illegible] best [illegible] in all the [illegible] ... let us compare the solar system as it was 8,000 years ago with the solar system as it is now [illegible] a clockwork which the [illegible] was known to [illegible] going with its weight partially run down and [illegible] still going with its weight not yet wholly run down.

During these 8,000 years the sun has been giving out radiant heat (light being included in the designation radiant heat) in all directions propagated at the rate of about [illegible] million kilometers per year and therefore twenty eight and a half thousand million million kilometers in 8,000 years. We do not know whether the light which left the sun 8,000 years ago is still traveling outward with almost undiminished energy or whether nearly all is already dissipated in heat, warming the luminiferous ether or ponderable bodies which have obstructed its course. We may, I think, feel sure that it is partly still traveling outward as radiant heat and partly spent (or dissipated) in warming ponderable matter (or ponderable matter and the luminiferous ether).

The running down of the weight in the clockwork has its perfect analogue as Helmholtz was I believe in reality the very first to point out in the shrinkage of the sun from century to century under the influence of the mutual gravitational attractions between its parts. The heat producing efficiency of the fire which there would be if the sun were a globe of gunpowder or guncotton burning from its outward surface inward—that is to say, the work done by the potential energy of the chemical affinity between uncombined oxygen and carbon and hydrocarbons attractive forces as truly forces and subject to dynamic law as is the force of gravity itself is absolutely infinitesimal in comparison with the work done by the gravitational attraction on the shrinking mass adduced by Helmholtz as the real source of the sun's heat.

The whole store of energy now in the sun, whether of actual heat corresponding to the sun's high temperature or of potential energy (as of the not run down weight of the clockwork)—potential energy of gravitation depending on the extent of future shrinkage which the sun is destined to experience—is essentially finite and there is much less of it now than there was 300,000 years ago. Similar considerations of action on a vastly smaller scale are of course applicable to terrestrial plutonic energy and thoroughly dispose of the terrestrial perpetual motion by which Lyell and other followers of Hutton on as sound principles as those of the humblest mechanical perpetual motionist tried to find that the earth can go on forever as it is, illuminated by the sun from infinity of time past to infinity of time future always a habitation for race after race of plants and animals built on the ruins of the habitations of preceding races of plants and animals.

The doctrine of the "dissipation of energy" forces upon us the conclusion that within a finite period of time past the earth must have been and within a finite period of time to come must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted unless operations have been and are to be performed which are impossible under the laws governing the known operations going on at present in the material world.—Fortnightly Review.

Dogs That Bathe Regularly

It is only the petted and pampered canines who have [illegible]. The democratic curs of the town and the sensible old horse dogs who have lived here long enough to feel thoroughly at home and who feel equal to the task of looking out for themselves under any and all circumstances are of an entirely different frame of mind so far as that is concerned. Plenty of them go in for their daily swim as regularly and unconcernedly as the most enthusiastic and inveterate bathers the town contains and plenty more wait only for the barest invitation to go plunging in after a stick or ball to bring it out on the strand, triumphant at the victory over the watery element.—Philadelphia Times.

What the Death Mask Shows.

The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter, it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was, not only as others saw him in the [illegible] flesh but as he saw himself. And in the case of the death mask particularly it shows the subject often as he appeared to no one but himself to see his face. He does not pose, he does not try to look pleasant. In his mask he is [illegible] as it were, with his mask off.—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

Flowers That Bloom in Winter

Cubeb—It seems very natural.
Surely—What does
Cubeb—To see a blooming idiot and a society bud together.—Kate Field's Washington.

His Excuse.

Patient—Outrageous, doctor, that's a frightful bill you've presented.

Doctor (with dignity)—Not so large sir when you come to think that it is my first case and I had to study up on half a library full of authorities.—Detroit Free Press.

Fully Answered

Gentleman—Riding a bicycle up such a steep hill as this is a great deal harder than walking. Why don't you get off and push it?

Boy—I [illegible] Good [illegible].

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

INSTEAD OF TONING UP A SICK MAN HE MAY BE "TUNED UP."

Discussion of a Subject That Has Been Suggested by an Eminent Physician of St. Petersburg. Some Tunes That Would Be Inappropriate for Certain Ills.

Professor Tarchanow, of St. Petersburg, lectured recently on "The Influence of Music on the Human Organism," and affirmed that music is of the greatest service in the treatment of disease [illegible] that [illegible] the proper use of music [illegible] a musical instrument. Sufferers from nervous disorders [illegible] soothed by music but in some it must be employed with [illegible] to that which is intended.

[illegible] Sir Arthur Sullivan is [illegible] ... literally wrestle with the [illegible].

The [illegible] only a certain number of [illegible] instruments. Will any [illegible] ... on one string [illegible] speak in the [illegible] profession? If he becomes a specialist he must treat [illegible] by administering [illegible] tunes. The swan song from Lohengrin would naturally have one effect upon a [illegible] rable malady. Professor Tarchanow attributes the frequent failure of music to cure diseases to its being used at the wrong time and in unsuitable cases. [illegible] practitioner will exercise the nicest judgment. He can lay down some standard rules like Wagner in case of stupor or Offenbach in melancholia but he will never dream of giving [illegible] when an unfortunate has taken arsenic with suicidal intent or of prescribing the newest ballet music for a girl suffering with St Vitus dance.

The Russian savant expressed the conviction that a time will come when music in the hands of scientifically trained physicians will be acknowledged to be an agent of great power for the relief of suffering. It would be [illegible] in the hands of scientifically trained physicians. Their training has taught them to detect human suffering. They can see a man wince when his ear is shocked, they can see him squirm and twist smiling all the time while some one sings "The Last Rose of Summer" out of tune. They can in fact hear his teeth grate when his favorite air is played false. (In the ordinary young person at the piano do that can the leader of the German band can the fellow with the hand organ.)

"How can music fail to relieve," exclaims Tarchanow, "when a series of cases has proved that it is the most powerful regulator of men's moods and feelings which dominate many sides of the psychical and physical life of the organism?" A profane critic might suggest that musicians as a class do not exemplify that "perfect regulation" of the emotions which might be expected. The professor has doubtless never seen two band masters pulling each other's hair in a fight about the proper tempo of the Dead March in Saul. It is even possible that he has never heard of rival prima donnas scratching and clawing. But this failure to regulate the emotions of musicians may be the result of the tolerance begotten of reverence. The same thing happens in the [illegible] of the present day. A [illegible] can take enough of [illegible] to kill a dozen ordinary men. [illegible] are of course those Styrian who begin to take arsenic when they are young [illegible] years able to eat it as [illegible] people eat garlic.

However all this may be the relative effect of music upon patients in whom the instrument [illegible] like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh is universally admitted. Canon Harford and [illegible] experiments made by the St Cecilia guild that show that it has a distinctly beneficial effect in certain cases of insomnia. Here too one would think the tune employed would have to be chosen with very nice judgment.

Music doubtless will relieve pain not by acting on the nerves [illegible] but by distracting the sufferer's attention. This is the [illegible] therapeutic agency and it is improbable that it ever can be more. Orpheus made trees [illegible] dance to his [illegible] ... [illegible] in their efforts to press the most spiritual of the fine arts into the service of suffering humanity.—New York World.

The Great Obstacle

Perdita—Well Jack and I are to be married at last and we are so happy.

Penelope—Did you and Jack have much trouble getting your father's consent?

Perdita—Not [illegible] papa and I had an awful time getting Jack's consent.—Truth.

After the Third Day

She—[illegible] the steamer [illegible] they were a [illegible]

The Girl [illegible]

[illegible]—New York Herald.

Can a Fellow Take Too Many?

[illegible]

Valuable

[illegible] your [illegible]

Yes [illegible] If you were [illegible] be worth [illegible].—Washington Star.

On the Fence

Watts—Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

Potts—Dunno. I haven't heard from the races yet.—Indianapolis Journal.

RAILROAD NOTICES.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE.

TWO HOURS

You can go to Denver on the Rio Grande [illegible] in two hours and two minutes. [illegible]

G A R. EXCURSION.

Washington and return [illegible] D & R G office 16 N Tejon st.

CREEDE CAMP!

The Denver and Rio Grande are now running through sleepers to Creede leaving here 10 30 p. m arrive at Creede 11 40 next day.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE.
SUMMER EXCURSION RATES

Alamosa	$14 00	Marshall Pass	$13 10
Aspen	18 00	Monte Vista	15 15
Canon City	5 00	Ouray	25 00
Del Norte	17 30	Rico	29 30
Durango	28 00	Salida	9 60
Glenwood	16 00	Santa Fe	32 45
Grand Junction	24 00	Trinidad	9 85
Leadville	12 50	W W Gap	20 25

Rates in effect May 1st to October 31st. Limit 30 days stopovers granted. For further information call on or address
J M ELLISON
General Agent No 16 North Tejon St

RIO GRANDE
24 DAILY TRAINS 24

Between Colorado Springs Denver Pueblo and Manitou.

Trains to Denver 3 05 a m 5 58 a m 6 40 a m 9 05 a m 10 4 a m 4 20 p m. To Pueblo and west [illegible] To Manitou [illegible] From Manitou [illegible] 6 45 p m. Ticket office 6 N Tejon st.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON SEPTEMBER 15 TO 19

For this great occasion a rate of one fare for the round trip is authorized. The rate from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo is $42 60. Tickets to be on sale from September 11 to 18 inclusive with final limit for return October 10. Tickets to be good going and returning same route.

ATCHISON TOPEKA AND SANTA FE

CHICAGO

To Chicago via the Santa Fe route is proving to be more desirable to the traveler than two days and one night via other lines. Colorado Springs on the Santa Fe is not on a branch, but on the main line, from Denver to Chicago and the complete vestibuled train passes through. The equipment is not equalled by any other road in Colorado.

10 PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY 10

Between Colorado Springs and Denver [illegible] Santa Fe. See time card in this paper.

TRAINS FOR DENVER

Via the Santa Fe leave Colorado Springs at 1 45 a m, 5 40 a m, 8 25 a m, 5 25 p m, and 9 52 p m

RETURNING

Leave Denver at 1 20 a m, 8 10 a m, 1 25 p m, 6 00 p m and 8 05 p m

CHEAP RATE TO LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS N M

The Santa Fe route make a rate to Las Vegas Hot Springs and return $21 80. In connection tickets are supplied for accommodations at the famous Montezuma hotel at [illegible] per day. Pleasure seekers will find this a most delightful place to go. Inquire at Santa Fe ticket office or at the depot.

SANTA FE ROUTE TO DENVER.

If you are going to Denver you may just as well avail yourself of the Santa Fe route limited vestibule train leaving at 8:25 a. m. or the parlor chair car train at 5:25 p. m. and thus enjoy the best there is and make the trip with the most comfort and ease. Returning you may have choice of trains at 1:20 p. m., 6:00 p. m. and 8:05 p. m.

LOOK ATTENTION!

The Santa Fe will sell round trip tickets to Portland, Ore. on Sept 1 th to 15th for one fare going limit Sep 30th return limit 90 days.

NO PAINS WILL BE SPARED

By the ticket agent of the Santa Fe route to make your trip east pleasant. Pullman car accommodations will be secured as you desire. Everything will be done to save you any inconvenience. Ticket office No. 18 N. Tejon, Opera house block.

ATTENTION! G. A. R.

The Santa Fe Route with its usual promptness has not only arranged for reduced rates of less than one fare for the round trip to the National Encampment at Washington in September but has also secured free sleeping accommodations for all old soldiers after arrival in Washington.

New and commodious barracks have been erected in the Washington Monument Park in which we will reserve quarters for all old soldiers and G. A. R. if application is made in advance.

Arrangements have also been made to secure temporary dining rooms in the vicinity of the barracks at very moderate prices.

Special trains containing Pullman and Tourist Sleepers Chair Cars and coaches will be arranged from Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Oklahoma on which we will reserve accommodations if advised of your wishes.

Stop-overs will be allowed east of our River.

As the Santa Fe is the only line in the West offering these inducements it would be advisable to make early application to the undersigned or to Geo. T. Nicholson G. P. & T. A., Topeka, for such accommodations as you may desire.

Further particulars such as dates of sale, limits, etc. can be obtained by applying to
C. C. HOYT
Agent A T & S. F.

COLORADO MIDLAND.

SANTA FE ROUTE.
COLORADO MIDLAND.
SUBURBAN TRAINS.

Beginning Sunday July 10 the regular summer suburban train service on the Colorado Midland will go into effect. Trains will run as follows. Leave Woodland Park 6 40 a. m., arrive Colorado Springs 7 50 a. m. Leave Colorado Springs 8 10 a m. arrive Florissant 1 08 a m. leave Florissant 1 30 a m. arrive Colorado Springs 12 30 p m. leave Colorado Springs 1 [illegible] p m arrive Divide 3 17 p. m. leave Divide 3 10 p. m. arrive Colorado Springs [illegible] p. m. leave Colorado Springs 5 15 p m, arrive Woodland Park [illegible] p. m.

DO YOU WANT GOLD?
Cripple Creek is not only a health but a
Wealth resort
Located near Pike's Peak
[illegible] Bright yellow gold is found at
[illegible] the rock formation
Reliable experts claim this is to-day
The richest camp in Colorado
Assays average over $100 per ton and have
Run as high as Five Thousand Dollars
100 people a day are now rushing into this
District
A chance of a lifetime is worth looking after
The only way to reach Cripple Creek is via
Florissant and the Colorado Midland Railway
Inquire of local agents for particulars, or
Chas S Lee General Passenger Agent
Denver Colorado

ROCK ISLAND

LOWEST RATES YET

The Great Rock Island Route will on Sept. [illegible] ... Chicago or St Louis ... Washington D C. This is the best [illegible] time past to make [illegible]. For [illegible] excursion call on [illegible] W W WOOD Ticket and Passenger Agent 12 Pikes Peak av Telephone No. 97

TWO SHORTS

[illegible] only Colorado [illegible] great Rock Island. Our well known [illegible] superiority in [illegible] comfort and speed tell [illegible] with the travelling public.

For [illegible] reservations through [illegible] tickets etc call on [illegible] W W WOOD [illegible] and Passenger Agent 12 Pikes Peak ave. Telephone 97

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Leave Colorado Springs 10 a m and arrive at Chicago next afternoon with only one night or leave [illegible] and arrive at Chicago second morning at [illegible].

Both trains are solid vestibuled limited trains Colorado Springs to Chicago without change and make direct connection at Chicago, Council Bluffs St Joseph and Kansas City for all points east.

We serve all meals en route on our own magnificent dining cars. If you wish to make a pleasant trip free from annoyances and inconveniences travel via the Great Rock Island.

W W WOOD,
Ticket and Passenger Agent 12 Pikes Peak ave. Telephone No. 97

FIFTY-SIX HOURS
FIFTY-FOUR HOURS
THIRTY HOURS

[illegible] north and south via the [illegible] Route

First class service [illegible] low as the lowest. Ticket and Passenger [illegible] ave. Telephone 97

REDUCED [illegible]

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

GRAND ENCAMPMENT [illegible]

On the occasion of the [illegible] encampment at Washington [illegible] the Union [illegible] will sell [illegible] one fare for round trip [illegible] good [illegible] until [illegible] See W G [illegible] cific agent [illegible] Peak

[illegible] G A R at Washington, D C

IT IS A [illegible]

That the only [illegible] West, north and south [illegible] route, the Union P[illegible] carrying U. S. mails, [illegible] and comfort [illegible] Portland [illegible] St. Louis, New Or[illegible] dining cars on all [illegible] ply to W G RICE, [illegible] Peak ave

THE [illegible]

[illegible] Chair cars [illegible] way Company's [illegible] and shortest [illegible] sure your ticket [illegible]

WABASH [illegible]

[illegible] RECLINING CHAIR [illegible] WAGNER SLEEPING [illegible]

No. 2—The [illegible] Chicago Leaves St. L[illegible] Chic[illegible] 7 00 a. m.
No. 42—St Louis [illegible] 8 35 p m arr[illegible]
No. 6—Limited—[illegible] arrives Toledo [illegible]
No. 50—Niagara F[illegible]
No. 54—Leaves Chicago [illegible] ara Falls the next [illegible] York a. [illegible]
No. 5 [illegible] Louis [illegible] 8 25 p m arrives St Louis [illegible]
No. 3—Leaves K[illegible] St Louis [illegible]
No. 4 Leaves [illegible] Louis 7 a m [illegible]
No. 6—Kansas City [illegible] City daily 6 20 p. m.

Commercial agent, [illegible] ver, Colo

OLD QUAKER
MONONGAHELA
RYE
ABSOLUTELY
VAN PETTEN
Colo.
Dealers in [illegible]
Quaker Club [illegible]
Guaranteed the [illegible]
Are you too
R. HU[illegible]
MARI[illegible]

F. E. Robinson, Colo
H. I. RE[illegible]
City [illegible]
Delos Durfee, [illegible]